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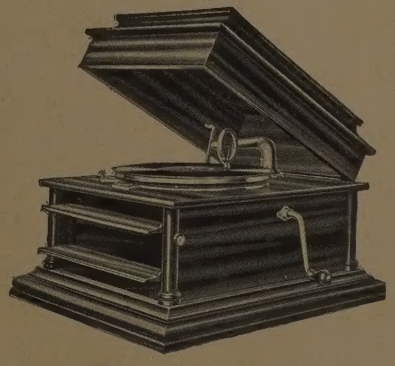

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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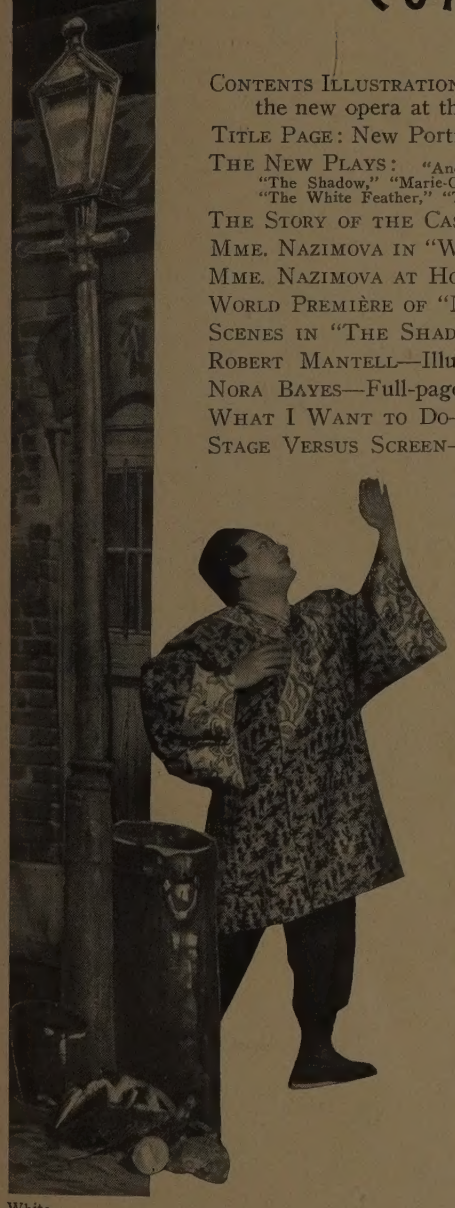

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Mrs. Vernon Castle

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. An intimate article on Mrs. Castle's career will be found on page 112.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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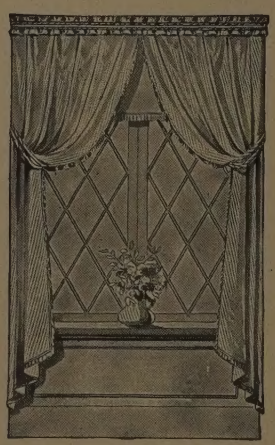

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXI. MARCH, 1915 No. 169

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF ANNA PAVLOWA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER WHO IS AGAIN CAPTIVATING NEW YORK AUDIENCES AT THE CENTURY WITH HER WONDERFUL ART

White O. P. Heggie Lillah McCarthy

Androcles bidding farewell to Lavinia and the other Christians before entering the arena

SCENE IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S FABLE PLAY "ANDROCLES AND THE LION" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

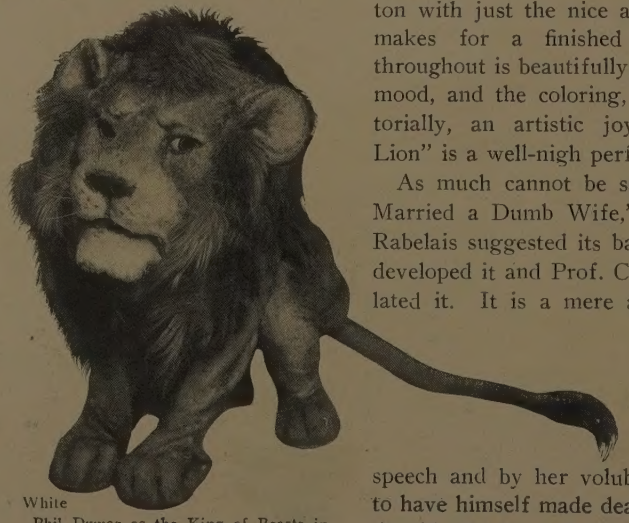
THE NEW PLAYS

WALLACK'S. "ANDROCLES AND THE LION." Fable play by Bernard Shaw. Produced on January 27th with this cast:

The Emperor	Walter Creighton
The Captain	Ian Maclaren
Androcles	O. P. Heggie
The Lion	Phil Dwyer
Lentulus	Horace Braham
Mettellus	Wright Kramer
Ferrovius	Lionel Braham
Spintho	Arnold Lucy
The Centurion	Ernest Cossart
The Editor	Eric Blind
The Call Boy	Cecil Cameron
Secutor	J. H. Greene
Retiarius	Gerald Hamer
The Menagerie Keeper	Edgar Kent
The Slave Driver	Hugh McRae
Magaero	Kate Carlyon
Lavinia	Lillah McCarthy

It is always a pleasure to greet novelty in the theatre, whether it be in subject matter or method of treatment. Mr. Granville Barker in his experimental season at Wallack's accomplished both. "Androcles and the Lion," by G. Bernard Shaw, is a delicious new rendering of an old fable, while its setting and movement are delights to the eye and imagination in their suggested and actual embellishment. At Wallack's the first of the proscenium boxes on either side have been torn out and over the orchestra pit and two rows of the stalls an apron has been built. Two low steps extend from this to the new proscenium of solid gold, which is set within the old one. Instead of the original curtain falls one of white pongee. Much of the action happens on this apron while the lighting is supplied from overhead and from search lights extending from the iron rail of the balcony. The effect is a solid white light illuminatingly sufficient and free from glare.

England, of course, takes Shaw very seriously. In "Androcles" it was thought that he was poking fun at the Christian religion. He is very straight-laced, indeed, who cannot derive amusement from this witty fantasy, with its Shavian shafts of satire flying fast and free, striking Christian and pagan with impartial incisive force. It is all mentally very stimulating, and the Christian tailor, who drew the thorn from the lion's paw, only to reap his reward when they meet later in the arena, figures prominently in a series of scenes, poetical, humorous and touching. The title rôle is acted with really beautiful simplicity by Mr. O. P. Heggie, while the lion is portrayed by Phil Dwyer with a verisimilitude, startling in its veracity to animal nature. Lillah McCarthy is impressively statuesque as Lavinia, who cannot even on the edge of her martyrdom lose her sense of humor. Then, too, there is a cringing voluptuary played with fine comic-tragic despair by Arnold Lucy. A particularly appealing rôle is that of Ferrovius, the giant Cappadocian, whose soul struggles between pride in his physical prowess and his earnest desire for the true humility of the spirit, is acted with stirring vigor by Lionel Braham. Ian Maclaren is a calmly argumentative Roman captain, Kate Carlyon a shrewishly comic Magaero, while the decadent but enthusiastic Emperor is sketched by Walter Creighton with just the nice adjustment of values that makes for a finished portrait. The setting throughout is beautifully suggestive of the Roman mood, and the coloring, both scenically and sartorially, an artistic joy. "Androcles and the Lion" is a well-nigh perfect entertainment.



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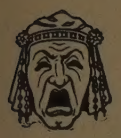
Phil Dwyer as the King of Beasts in "Androcles and the Lion"

As much cannot be said for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," which opened the bill. Rabelais suggested its basic idea, Anatole France developed it and Prof. Curtis Hidden Page translated it. It is a mere airy triple which, staged after the manner of "Sumurun," holds the attention for a few minutes. The dumb wife who gets her speech and by her volubility forces her husband to have himself made deaf as a remedy is entirely devoid of interest from either an actual or a liter-



ary point of view. Save for its matter of seventeenth century presentation it is empty as an entertaining factor. The entire company is employed. It works hard. That more is not accomplished is not its fault.

EMPIRE. "THE SHADOW." Play in three acts by Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton. Produced on January 25th with this cast:

Berthe Tregnier.....Ethel Barrymore
Gerard Tregnier.....Bruce McRae
Michel Delon.....Ernest Lawford
Doctor Magre.....Edward Fielding
Helene Preville.....Grace Elliston
Jeanne .....Amy Veness

Dario Niccodemi, whose play, "The Shadow," is presenting Ethel Barrymore, at the Empire, in such a happy light—the paradox applies to the histrionic opportunities of the principal rôle—reveals himself in this, his latest offering, as a playwright of superior psychological capacity. His study of Berthe Tregnier is a really wonderful analysis of a woman's soul, handled with rare delicacy and insight. In this drama of unrelieved gloom, Niccodemi shows himself an expert in that French school which makes delineation of character superior to the amplification of a dramatic story. It is Greek-like in its simplicity and its strict devotion to the logical outcome of fate; for from its main complication there is no solution that makes for all concerned. Someone must suffer and it is the wife who so elects. The story of the play is told elsewhere in this issue. It is quite her best impersonation of years that Ethel Barrymore gives of the woman who, freed from the shackles of bodily pain, only re-enters upon life to find that her anxious expectations have been effectually killed, that her husband's love is a memory of the past, that new ties bind him and that her place, bitter and pathetic as it is to realize, is that of an intruder. The subtleties of Berthe's inner reasonings, her quick feminine perceptions of the inevitable, and her mordant appreciation of her anomalous position are depicted by Miss Barrymore with rare revelatory skill, and a fine undercurrent of deep feeling. It is a pity that a vocal monotony otherwise impairs a creation of such true worth and value. The recreant female friend is assumed by Grace Elliston. It is perhaps the author's fault that her reasoning sounds sophistical, but hers is a superficial performance. Bruce McRae, as the distracted husband, this time struggling between duty and love, is soundly natural. The settings are excellent.

White

LESLIE FABER AND ELAINE INESCORT
In "The White Feather" at the Comedy

BELASCO. "MARIE-ODILE." Play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced on January 26th with the following cast:

Mother Saint Dominic.Marie Wainwright
Sister Clotilde.....Ada C. Nevil
Sister Louise Harriet...Otis Dellenbaugh
Marie-Odile .....Frances Starr
Father Fisher.....Edward Donnelly
Peter .....Frank Reicher
Sergeant Beck.....Henry Vogel
Corporal Meissner.....Jerome Patrick
Steinhauser .....Paul Stanley
Hartmann .....Alphonse Ethier

This is a very unusual play, spiritual in the highest degree, and should be missed by no one who takes delight in the finer things of the theatre. As a production, it sustains every expectation that is had of whatever Mr. Belasco announces. In succession this manager presents plays that have widely divergent novelty, but they all have an idea which is worked out in completeness. It may be startling, philosophical, fantastic, poetic or may involve some matters of more ordinary bearing, but novelty is there, with that minuteness of finish always associated with a Belasco production. "Marie-Odile" is the story of a young girl's innocence, beautifully and simply told and staged, with the severe grey cloisters of a French convent as a picturesque background. Narrated in full on another page, it is unnecessary to repeat here the tale of the ingenuous little novice who had never seen a man and whom, when the convent is invaded by Prussian Uhlans, gives the handsome Corporal only too much proof of her affection. Suffice to say that Mr. Knoblauch has handled an idea, splendidly executed in the performance, that is almost too sublimated and delicate for practical use on the stage. It was a wise instinct that prompted Mr. Belasco to cover the apron, the proscenium arch and boxes with sack cloth in order to subdue the garish trappings of the theatre and bring out still further the convent atmosphere. The acting of Frances Starr is a remarkable piece of work. Nothing more charming and appealing has ever been seen on the local boards. It is something that should be witnessed by all who recognize in her an actress of qualities rarely met with on our stage.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "THE CLEVER ONES." Comedy in three acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced on January 28th with the following cast:

Wilfrid Callender, Charles Hopkins; Peter Marrable, Edward Emery; David Effick, Russ Whytal; Hannibal Pipkin, Charles Hampden; Harold Marrable, Herbert Yost; Thompson, Charles Dodsworth; Brown, John Rogers; Martin, Charles Coghlan; James, Noel Leslie; Rose Effick, Mrs. Hopkins; Doris Marrable, Beatrice Prentice; Mrs. Marrable (Irene), Annie Hughes; Athene Settle. Louise Closser Hale; Mrs. Small, Vera Pole.

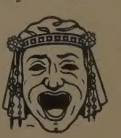
In this dramatic composition, well above the average, containing a bright satirical idea which is deftly handled and flashed by dialogue of humorous content, Charles Hopkins plays a rôle beyond his capacity for buoyant uplift. As the juvenile lead he was prosaically heavy. Scenes in which he figured suffered an immediate let down, and that which was neither dull nor tiresome took on a dull stupid aspect. It was not that he offended in commission; it was simply that he could not give the enlivening characteristics of Wilfrid Callender, who, to win the hand of a young woman of advanced ideas, pretends he is an anarchist. She accepts him as such and he then tries to disenchant her by showing her the disagreeable side of extreme socialism. This is all accomplished by cross purpose methods that are amusingly prescribed by well-known characters, dilettanti in advanced thought. The first act is a capital exposition, logical and cumulative in its interest, while those that follow are almost as good. The solid business head of the Marrable family is acted with choleric repression by Edward Emery. His wife, keenly abreast with all the latest movements in the "oligies," is a broad comic figure as played by Annie Hughes, while their children, a youth who has to pay that his novels may be published, and the daughter, a Girton girl, described as more of an encylopedia than a young woman, are played with superlative skill by Herbert Yost and Beatrice Prentice. An amiable gentle, middle-aged anarchist, in theory, is well realized by Russ Whytal and his daughter, who finally, by her common sense, wins the pseudo-Red, is pleasantly acted by Mrs. Hopkins. The two sets which the piece calls for, one denoting *nouveau art* in its most virulent form and the other refined simplicity, meet every requirement.

COMEDY. "THE FALLEN IDOL." Drama in four acts by Guy Bolton. Produced on January 23rd with the following cast:

James Grebble, David Powell; Victor Valdecini, Alebtr Bruning; Dr. Brock, Lumsden Hare; Baxter, Robert Schable; Christine Valdecini, Janet Beecher; Cara Marx, Florence Rockwell.

Guy Bolton is the latest dramatic composer, who endeavors to work out some

(*Continued on page 149*)



THE STORY OF THE CASTLES

The First to Build Substantial Castles in the Air

By Elroy Foote
Mother of Mrs. Castle

Mr. and Mrs. Castle in their New York home

Photos Copyright Ira L. Hill's Studio

Mrs. Castle and her pet dog

Mrs. Castle in one of her latest dancing frocks

Mrs. Castle with two of her dogs

"AIN'T she too sweet for anything?"

She ought to be. Look at them clothes!"

"I like this one best where he's holdin' her so lovely and smilin' down on her. Don't seem's tho' it could be true what you hear about 'em, does it? They say they never speak off the stage an' he lives at Castle House an' she on Lexington Avenue, an' she's the most unhappy girl in New York."

"Serves her right for marryin' an actor, and an English one at that. You know she ain't nobody. Her father kept a drug store on Third Avenue an' her name was Schloss, Irene Schloss. She's one of us all right. She went on in the chorus in Lew Field's show, an' bein' so pretty she got a chance at dancin'. She's made good, all right. My! how I'd love to dance with him!"

"You know what it 'ud cost, don't you? I guess he charges every time he dances with anyone. My chum's sister is waitress in a house on Madison Avenue where the folks goes to these swell places an' dances, and one mornin' my chum says her sister heard the master grumblin' about the price of the night before at this 'Sans Souci' restaurant Mr. Castle runs—Sans Souci, you know, is French for 'I should worry'. He says to the Mrs.: 'The bill's big enough to take in a lesson in that dance you had with Castle.' She just laughed an' said it was cheap at any price, an' that he was gettin' his money's worth, too, and not complainin' when he was there all right."

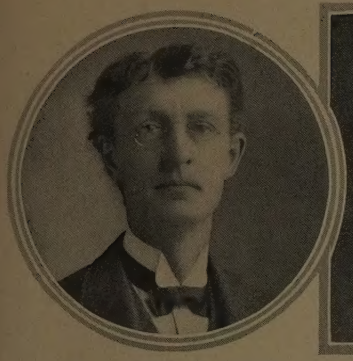
"Well, anyway, they're lovely. Let's go an' see 'em in the movies to-night."

The present writer—mother of the much-discussed dancer—stood among the crowd stationed before the big window of a shop on Thirty-fourth Street, which had on exhibition a collection of pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, and listened to the comments. There have been no professionals in our family, and I am quite unused to the careless handling of one's name and character which people think permissible when one adopts a public career. Hence this attempt to clear up some of the mist of ignorance and prejudice regarding the origin and habits of Mrs. Vernon Castle.

She was born in New Rochelle in the same house and home she was married from, and where I still live. Dr. Hubert Townsend Foote was her father, and he practiced medicine in the office of his father, Dr. Edward Bliss Foote on Lexington Avenue, the house now owned and occupied by the Vernon Castles when in town. Mrs. Castle's mother was born in New Haven, Conn., and her father—David Stevens Thomas—was a journalist of some local reputation. Mrs. Castle's maternal grandmother was a Goldthwaite, of Massachusetts, the genealogy of the family going back to Pilgrim days. A few years ago a Dora Goldthwaite was a popular actress in the South and West. Mrs. Castle's grandmother on her father's side was a Bond, of Boston, a woman noted in New York club circles for her brains and executive ability. She was treasurer of Sorosis for a period of fourteen years.

Photo Rotch
Mrs. Castle in her wedding gown

As to the happiness of the



DR. HUBERT T. FOOTE
Mrs. Castle's father

Irene Castle at the age of seven with her pony "Dolly"

ELROY FOOTE
Mrs. Castle's mother

Vernon Castles, I hesitate to touch on a subject that should be sacred, but in justice to my most lovable son-in-law, I must state that their private life leaves little to be desired to be ideal.

Irene Foote was born with a keen sense of rhythm and a love of dancing. Before she could walk alone she would beg to be supported while she kicked her little feet to the strains of *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye,* at that time made popular by Lottie Collins. At the age of five she made her stage début in a charity production, one of many little fairies, and her costume of tarleton, spangles and gold paper crown caused as many thrills in her little breast and as much anxiety in mine as any "creation" since worn by my daughter. Would the spangles all show? Would the little ballet-skirts have the proper "stick out" to them? And that cardboard crown, would it stay on in the mad excitement of the dance? I am not ashamed to tell you that in a trunk in my attic that first costume is securely packed away. With it is another one worn later as a "Queen." A trip to England in the meantime had left vivid impressions on Irene's eight-year-old-mind as to what a Queen should look like, and I had to model her satine gown and red velveteen court-train lined with real canton flannel ermine after her recollections of Madame Tussaud's and the jewel room of the Tower of London. Even at that early age I allowed Irene to follow her own taste in matters of dress, as I found she could be trusted.

An early portrait of Irene Castle

A local kindergarten first, then the private school in the Parish House of the Episcopal Church, and later St. Gabriel's Episcopal convent School at Peekskill, furnished the tutilage for Irene's very active mind. This latter environment did not suit Irene for very long, and she returned home with her sister Elroy, who had spent five years there.

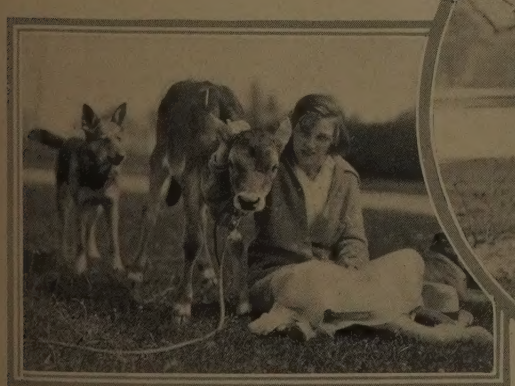
Then Dr. Foote asserted himself, and insisted that his youngest daughter should attend public school, which she did, acquitting herself creditably, for she was quick to learn and very lovable.

Her birthday parties were unique, for she insisted on having as guests every child that caught her fancy. I remember the consternation of some of the mothers because for two successive years a little colored girl was one of the invited, and Irene's delight when the second year little Ruby won the prize in the birthday cake. From the primary Irene graduated to the High School. Two seasons of this and we thought best to take her with us to Mexico and Cuba, rather than leave her behind with relatives or in boarding schools.

My daughter never had to pass through the awkward age. Her progress through the most crowded room never meant upsetting of anything or anybody, least of all herself. A ready wit made serious discipline difficult, and many a good scolding was wound up abruptly by a hasty retreat on the part of her parents because of this. Irene greatly dreaded pain or any suffering, and was essentially a "mother's baby." She would run to me when corrected and, throwing her arms around my neck, cry out in fear, "You don't love me!" In this she was a contrast to her older sister, who preferred climbing trees and falling out of them, and even being punished rather than not climb.

Knowing Irene's timidity toward hurts as a child, I marvel every day over the courage she has developed in recent years toward suffering. To Irene Foote a fall off her bicycle or pony or a bump on the stairs meant heart-breaking wails and sobs. As Mrs. Vernon Castle I have twice seen her walk calmly to the elevator in the hospital that was to lay her on an operating table under the sickening fumes of ether, waving her hand and smiling a cheery "I'll see you later" to us; never shrinking from the pain she must undergo before she could walk out again.

Seeing some unusually good fancy dancing at a charity performance, I was delighted to learn that the teacher lived and gave her lessons in New Rochelle. Dr. Foote believed in developing any talents his children gave signs of possessing, and he gladly



Mrs. Castle with her pets at Shorecliffe House, Manhasset, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle horseback riding at their country home

Beechmont, New Rochelle, where the dancer was born and brought up

Photo White

Charles Hopkins Mrs. Hopkins Russ Whytal

SCENE IN ALFRED SUTRO'S COMEDY "THE CLEVER ONES" NOW AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE

placed Irene with Miss Rosetta O'Neil. She has been the only teacher Irene has ever had, and to her careful and consistent classical training I attribute much of the grace and charm of my daughter's dancing.

It was on the day of the third lesson under Miss O'Neil when Harold Forbes—well known in vaudeville circles—came into the class looking for candidates for a "Radium dance" he wished to introduce in a charity minstrel show. Irene was one of the first to attract his attention, and he appealed to me for permission to enter her as one of his "pony ballet." As Miss O'Neil was willing, I gave my consent.

A "skirt dance" of English origin was also one of her rôles, and the next few weeks were full of excitement. I was appointed chaperone, and that was no sinecure, for it meant criticising and endeavoring to improve the length, hang and fit of the costumes which were made by fond mothers at home. Each dress was, of course, constructed to show off to best advantage the charms of Gladys, Gertrude or Grace, quite independent of any "chorus or unity" of purpose. But the night of the dress rehearsal was filled with many heartaches when it was realized that the "Radium dance"—so much advertised, as it had been a favorite on Broadway a season or two previous—was danced on a pitch dark stage, only the phosphorous painted jumping ropes, shoes and caps being visible to the audience, and the whereabouts of Gladys, Gertrude or Grace only discoverable by counting from this or that end.

Many amateur events followed this, in all of which Irene took her honors with the same nonchalance that she does to-day. I became very critical, and Miss O'Neil often told me I was more difficult to satisfy than the audience. As Irene hated real work, I would stand with a hot head and cold feet in the wings, fearful of a mis-step, knowing she had shirked many hours of preparation; but the mis-step rarely came, and if it did was so cleverly covered by some interpolation that it did not detract from the beauty of the whole.

This lack of application was a great trial to Dr. Foote, who greatly admired his little daughter's dancing and imitations, but always feared failure if ever put to the real test of money-making. How we regret that he could not have lived long enough to see the outcome of the struggles Irene and Vernon went through in Paris, and which were to result in a form of dancing admired and copied all over the world!

Spanish dances lent themselves particularly well to Irene's lines—or should I say she adapted herself best to that form of dancing? During her visit to Mexico and Cuba, a Spanish dancer gave her lessons in the correct use of the castanets. Bessie McCoy's *Yama Yama* dance was also a favorite, and on one occasion of her giving it, Mrs. McCoy was kind enough to ask Irene if she had not made a study of her daughter to be so well able to imitate her every move. Irene's reply, that she had seen Miss McCoy dance but once, and had to limit her study to photographs, caused great surprise.

About this time I made a most serious mistake. I sent Irene to a very fashionable finishing school. It came near being the finish of her happiness as well as mine. Thrown into association with a class of very rich girls, who were allowed by their parents to have large allowances of money, as well as credit in the shops of the near-by towns, Irene was made the very unhappy recipient of favors and entertainments which she could not repay. Dr. Foote did not believe in allowing young people to handle carelessly sums of money, and refused flatly all appeals for an income that would permit repaying in kind the flowers, candies, theatres and even jewelry that were heaped on Irene by her friends. When a telegram from a sorely distressed aunt informed us in Mexico that Irene had taken matters into her own hands and run away from school, I am afraid I was guilty of the obvious "I told you so."

Of course, this upset all our plans. Dr. Foote could not return to the States at that time of year, so, after much cabling, it was arranged to have my daughter sent down to Havana, where we would meet her. On our way across the Gulf we assured ourselves that all was well by means of the wireless, and by it we learned that Irene, accompanied by her married sister, was on board the S. S. *Havana*. We also learned that, coming from Vera Cruz at that time of the year, we would be obliged to spend six days in quarantine on the hill overlooking the city. Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Smith, good friends in Havana, could be relied upon to meet our girls, and the day after we were landed on the hill we had the somewhat doubtful pleasure of seeing the S. S. *Havana* drop anchor in the harbor below us and watching through

field glasses the landing of our daughters, so near and yet so far away. After we were liberated we all went to the Isle of Pines, a favorite resort of the Doctor's, and there, riding horseback over the pretty island, bathing in the beautiful Caribbean Sea and enjoying generally the glorious climate that isle possesses, we finished the most "nervous" winter I ever remember to have spent.

The following summer, at the New Rochelle Yacht Club, Vernon Castle was introduced to Irene Foote, and another page was turned in her life-book.

The mother of two unusually attractive girls, I had weighed in the balance many young men. I liked Vernon Castle very much. He gave every evidence of having brains and breeding; and as he was surprisingly like Irene's father at the same age, in physique and charm of manner, I could not blame my daughter for accepting his very marked attentions. A summer of yachting, dancing and swimming followed, and when cold weather threatened and Dr. Foote had to start South again, he had given a somewhat reluctant consent to an engagement. But Vernon had to promise to save up money sufficient for the needs of a young couple. We did not intend our little girl should have to support a husband. I knew that Vernon would always be a bread winner, and I was not an ambitious mother. I wanted my daughter to have all the love and thoughtful care that I had been fortunate enough to have in my married life, and I felt sure it lay in the power of this clean-limbed, alert-minded young lover to give it to her.

Photo Strauss-Peyton

ARLINE BOLLING

This clever actress is now appearing in "September Morn," on tour

A trying winter spent in New York by the two girls under the eyes of their aunt and uncle did not change my opinion, and so when spring came, bringing us back to New Rochelle and home, and Vernon insisted that he could not wait any longer, I used all the influence I possessed to get Dr. Foote to overlook the small size of the nest egg Vernon had been able to lay by and let the children marry. Reminding him of our similar financial status when we were married, and the fact that neither of us had suffered, or our children been deprived of health or education, did more to accomplish my purpose than any of the children's pleas in their own behalf, and on the 28th day of May, 1911, Irene Foote was married to Vernon Castle Blythe—his family name—in the bride's home, by the Rev. Dr. Marshall, pastor of the Congregational Church in New Rochelle. It was a pretty but rather sad ceremony, for my husband was so ill that he was barely able to stand up long enough to give his daughter away.

Vernon still had a short time to play in "The Hen Pecks," and it was not until a little later that he was able to take his bride over to England and introduce her to his family. They received her with open arms and proved to be the delightful family we had surmised. A visit I made last year in London to the home of Lawrence Grossmith, a very clever comedian much loved in public and private life, whose charming wife—known on the English stage as Coralie Blythe—is Vernon's sister, showed me an adorable family, brilliant and cultured and most devoted one to the other. I spent happy weeks surrounded by every comfort, petted and spoiled as though I were really one of the family, and I came in touch with a charming atmosphere of refined *camaraderie* known only in professional circles.

On their return home Vernon brought with him his youngest sister, Marjorie, and she spent the rest of the summer with us in "Beechmont," New Rochelle, going back to England only after the road tour of "The Hen Pecks" broke up in January, she having filled a small singing rôle in it, and Irene a tiny "looking" part, in order to remain with Vernon. He had signed a contract for a *Revue* in a Paris theatre, and in January, during our absence South, my children sailed for France, taking with them Walter, an old and faithful servant of mine. Father thought this an extravagance, but Walter often proved a "life saver," his dog-like devotion and cheerfulness in time of need, as well as his ability to cook and make a meal out of things he could buy for a couple of francs, proving of inestimable value. Those were terrible times, I know. Although Irene wrote but little of her serious plight, and made as much as possible of the amusing side of it, I felt keenly that all was not well with my children in that foreign land, surrounded by strangers and none too well acquainted with the intricacies of customs and language. The production of the *Revue* was postponed from week to week. Funds were exhausted and salary in advance had to be encroached on. When finally the show did open it was a disappointment to the public and heartbreaking to the Castles. They hated the class of work they were asked to do, and though both

(*Continued on page* 154)

White

CHARACTERS IN "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

Photos White

Captain Hertz orders Hedwig (Mme. Nazimova) under arrest

Hedwig indignantly denounces the Emperor's request for war brides and Lieut. Hoffman threatens to report her at military headquarters

Mme. Nazimova in "War Brides"

IT is seldom that in the field of lighter stage entertainment, known as vaudeville, such a serious and timely note is struck, sharply arresting public attention and deeply moving its audiences, as is to be found in "War Brides," a drama in one act, dominated by the tragic figure impersonated by Mme. Nazimova. If the little play merely stirred up partisan resentment, in this moment when reason is perverted and trampled under foot in merciless warfare, no manifestations of sympathy and applause would be possible. Apart from any actual conditions in any of the countries engaged in the terrible conflict, there is an impressive idea in it that reveals the spirit of war in its most dangerous aspects, in its most humiliating bearing on humanity.

The basic idea of the play is that sudden, often loveless marriages are made a matter of patriotic duty in order that the supply of men, soldiers for the army of the future, the next generation, as required by the endless wars to come, shall be maintained. In other words, it establishes the hopelessness of peace, the domination of militarism gone mad. It brutally proclaims that the future business of the world is to be war.

The seriousness and the necessity for the replenishing of the earth with males for this purpose is at once grotesque and appalling. It is a measureless sacrifice of the finer relations and sentiments of life. Millions of men are to die, and the loss is to be made up by the possible but casual results of such marriages, sanctified by no love, but enjoined by war. Life is mocked by Death. It is this astonishing condition of world affairs that furnishes the idea and material for the stirring, significant, little play written by Marion Craig Wentworth, first published in the *Century Magazine*, and later produced at the Palace Theatre, this city, with Mme. Nazimova in the principal rôle.

The drama has seven speaking characters, a part of the stricken family involved, with the tramp of troops, the whole producing the vivid impression that it concerns a whole nation in arms. The scene is a room in a peasant's cottage in "a war-ridden country." New regiments are being formed, fresh recruits are being sent daily to the front. Already the harvesting and the rude work are being done by the women. The few men who are not at war are preparing for it, or are incapacitated, or remain behind to organize the war machine. The mother has had two of her sons taken, while presently the third is called, and the husband of her oldest and most spirited daughter, Hedwig, is at the front, with no news from him. They have all been swallowed up in the blackness of war.

Amelia, the younger daughter, comes in from the haying. Her mother observes that she stealthily is packing a bag. She wants to go away and become a Red Cross nurse, happy at the thought of getting close to and caring for the dear ones, and not wholly willing to become a war bride, although she has been asked, and her mother wishes to see her married. She tells of the ceremony she has just seen, in which ten girls, war brides, answered in unison. Some of these hardly knew the men to whom they were united. The youth who had asked her she had spoken to only once before. Hedwig later describes him as a loafer. He is not an unlikely chap when we see him, but Hedwig scorns the marriage of her sister in the circumstances.

The mother tells Amelia that she must stay at home in order to help her to watch over Hedwig, who broods in the absence of her husband. Why so grievously? The mother shows a baby garment she is working on. Mina, the third daughter, comes in, light hearted. She has just been married.

"It was fun—just like a theatre. Then the priest made a speech, and the burgomaster and the captain. The people cheered, and then our husbands had to go to drill for an hour. Oh, I never was so thrilled! It was grand! They told us we were the true patriots. Our names will go down in history, honored by a whole people, they said."

Hedwig comes in and persuades her sister to have nothing to do with the lieutenant, who says that he is going away, most likely to be shot.

"Don't you suppose," he adds bitterly, "we want to send some part

Amelia (Mary Alden) rushes to take the pistol from Hedwig

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CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF MME. NAZIMOVA IN HER HOME

of ourselves into the future, since we can't live ourselves?"

Fiercely Hedwig replies:

"And for what? For food for the next generation's cannon? Oh, it is an insult to our womanhood! You violate all that makes marriage sacred! Are we women never to get up out of the dust? You never asked us if we wanted this war; yet you ask us to gather in the crops, cut the wood, keep the world going, drudge and slave, and wait and agonize, lose our all, and go on bearing more men—and more—to be shot down! If we breed the men for you, why don't you let us say what is to become of them? Do we want them shot—the very breath of our life?"

Enraged, the lieutenant goes out to inform the military autocrats that she is rebellious to the Government's order. She has been the one who has persuaded the other girls not to marry. Capt. Hertz, the military head of the town, enters. He listens with indignation to Hedwig's protests and orders her under arrest. The scene is interrupted by the bringing of news that the two younger sons and also Franz, Hedwig's husband, have been killed in battle. Hedwig prepares to go with Capt. Hertz, as his prisoner, after he has overheard her say to her mother that she would send a message to the Emperor that she will not bear her child until the promise is made that there will be no more war. We have seen her conceal a pistol, which she now takes with her. She seizes the

(*Continued on page 147*)

Photo White

GERALDINE FARRAR AND PASQUALE AMATO IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE"

World Première of "Mme. Sans-Gêne

TWO new operas and one revival constitute the month's proud, artistic record of the Metropolitan Opera House. The new operas were: The world première of Umberto Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne"; the first production in America of "L'Oracolo," by Franco Leoni, and the revival of Beethoven's "Fidelio." This flood of novelty and near novelty has entirely stilled the clamoring for new operas which was heard in some quarters during the earlier part of the year.

There has been a definite plan and reason for postponing the novelties until toward the middle and latter half of the operatic year—just as there is logic in every move made by Mr. Gatti-Casazza who guides the operatic ship, and that reason is that Caruso's departure for Monte Carlo, scheduled for February 20th, must be atoned for to the public. Caruso must go, for he is bound by an old contract, the fulfilment of which is now insisted upon. So Gatti-Casazza covers up the disappearance of this great tenor by keeping public interest stirred and alive with the new works and revivals which, having begun, will succeed each other in rapid succession: "Madame Sans-Gêne," "L'Oracolo," "Fidelio," "Il Trovatore," "Prince Igor"—in addition to which Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," and Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," will be added to the existing repertoire.

Now, having told tales out of school, and explained why the delay in producing novelties, let us chat about the opera season's first novelty, "Madame Sans-Gêne," which had its first performance on any stage on January 25th. Its libretto is by Renato Simoni, an Italian journalist, and is based upon the familiar play by Victorien Sardou and E. Moreau, music by Umberto

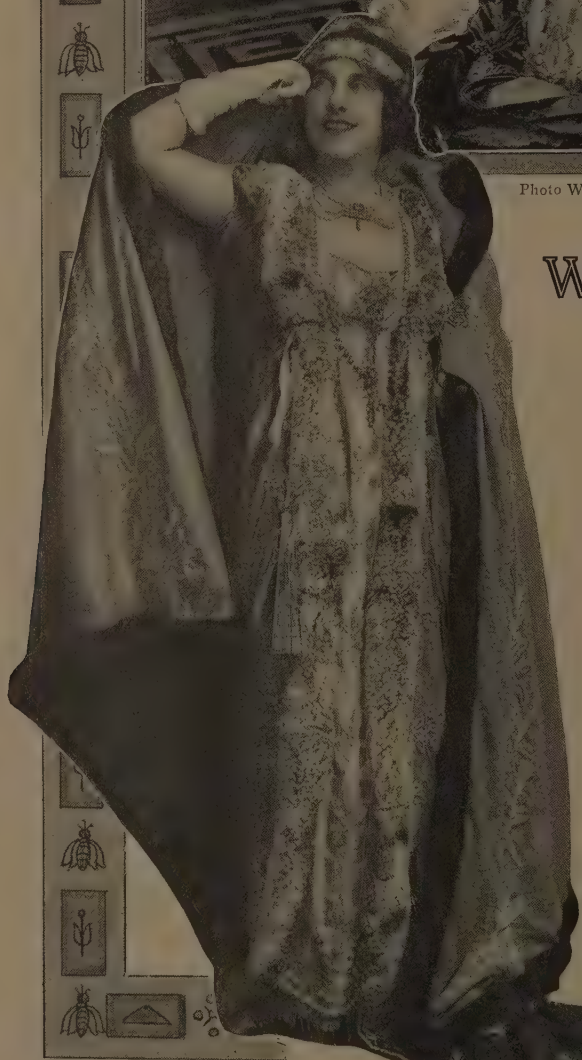


Photo White

GERALDINE FARRAR
Who originated the title rôle of "Madame Sans-Gêne" in Giordano's opera

Photos White
GIOVANNI MARTINELLI
As Lefebvre

Giordano. The complete cast is appended here as a matter of record:

Caterina Hübscher, Geraldine Farrar; Tonietta, Lenora Sparkes; Giulia, Rita Fornia; La Rossa, Sophie Braslau; Lefebvre, Giovanni Martinelli; Fouché, Andrea de Segurola; Vinaigre, Max Bloch; Conte di Neipperg, Paul Althouse; La Regina Carolina, Vera Curtis; La Principessa Elisa, Minnie Egener; Despreaux, Angelo Bada; Gelsomino, Riccardo Tegani; Leroy, Robert Leonhardt; De Brigode Vincenzo Reschiglian; Napoleone, Pasquale Amato; Roustan, Bernard Bégué; Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

ANDREA DE SEGUROLA AND GERALDINE FARRAR
In a scene from Act I

Three disappointments attended the ultimate production of this opera. First, it had been hoped that the composer would finish it in time for production last season; then it had been believed that Giordano could be present to witness the première, but the European war destroyed that hope; and finally, it had been definitely announced for January 22d, and the final dress rehearsal held, when Geraldine Farrar became indisposed, necessitating a further delay until January 25th. So it seemed as though the fates had begun to conspire against this performance; but if they did, they eventually failed and mortals triumphed; so did the opera, for it achieved with a bound a popular success. Whether this be lasting—who can tell? But on the opening night there was every indication of the public being interested in the opera.

Its story need not be told, for the familiar Sardou comedy classic is surely vividly remembered here from performances given it by Réjane and Kathryn Kidder. The opera libretto follows the play closely, beginning with the laundry scene of Caterina Hübscher during the stormy days of the French Revolution, introducing the heroine, Lefebvre, Neipperg, and Fouché; but Napoleon is only referred to in the text, and does not make his appearance in person until the third act. The second act, nineteen years later, finds Caterina raised to the rank of Duchess of Dantsic, but still retaining her manners, customs and speech of the days when she was a laundress. Napoleon wishes his General Lefebvre to divorce this Caterina, although they are most happily married, and he commands Caterina to appear before him, which she does. There is an amusing scene when she reminds him that he still owes her for laundry which she did when he was a poor soldier. He forgives her for her ordinary traits and abandons the idea of separating her from her beloved Lefebvre. Then follows the dramatic Neipperg episode, its happy ending, and the final curtain falls upon a scene in which Napoleon himself honors Caterina before all his courtiers. It is an excellent libretto, with abundant comedy and some intensely dramatic situations, well compressed and fairly free of boring chatty episodes.

Now to its music: Giordáno is known here by three earlier operas, "Fedora," "Siberia" and "Andrea Chenier." They all enjoyed very brief favor here. "Madame Sans-Gêne" is infinitely better, greater writing than all of the above-mentioned three rolled into one. By no stretch of the imagination can it be called a great work, or even an inspired one; but it is cleverly made, shows good musicianship and is far from being extreme in its use of dissonances. The best part of it, musically, is the orchestral score; which is deftly and effectively written, the "color" effects ably contrived, and also not lacking in dramatic surge. Weakest are the arias, betraying lack of inspiration, the melodies being rather uninspired, yet withal the love music between Caterina and Lefebvre is not without melodious interest; and the best dramatic episode musically is when Caterina tells the assembled ladies of the court some of the horrors of the war in which Napoleon's greatness was achieved. The most charming writing in the entire score is the dainty waltz song sung by the chorus in the second act. The first act music pulses and throbs with Revolutionary tunes, such as the *Carmagnole*, the *Ca Ira*, and finally the *Marseillaise*, which forms the stirring finale of the opening act, and which caused its hearers to cheer on the opening night.

The second act is musically the best, while the third act shows a falling off in cleverness, and the final act is quite weak; although in both of these latter acts the dramatic interest of the play sustains interest

PASQUALE AMATO
As Napoleon

when the music sometimes fails to captivate the hearer's ear.

Of its performance nothing but high praise can be uttered. Geraldine Farrar, in the title rôle, has hit upon a characterization which will make this one of her greatest rôles. She acts a lot of it with the true spirit of a *gamine,* and yet in her moments of tender devotion to Lefebvre she is superbly sentimental. She sang the music extremely well, winning a triumph for herself. Martinelli, as Lefebvre, was excellent vocally and histrionically, leaving only the wish that his voice might have more melting qualities. Amato acted Napoleon admirably and sang it none the less well, while Althouse was satisfying as Neipperg, and de Segurola gave a convincing bit of acting in the rôle of Fouché. Toscanini conducted with that spirit and interest which appears to be his alone, the orchestra played superbly, the chorus sang wonderfully. Scenery and costumes were among the most artistic and effective shown on this great stage, and there were no accidents to mar the performance.

To sum up: "Madame Sans-Gêne" is a clever if not an inspired opera, based upon a fascinatingly interesting libretto, and faultlessly produced at the Metropolitan in the matter of principals, chorus, orchestra, costumes and scenery. It is again an offering to which Gatti-Casazza can point with pride.

The season's second novelty, Franco Leoni's "L'Oracolo," is nothing more or less than that successful play of Chester Bailey Fernald called "The Cat and the Cherub" set to music. The librettist, an Italian named Camille Zanoni, has changed the title to "The Oracle" because the cat is omitted from the score and plot, and he justifies his title by the episode in which the learned soothsayer, Win-Shee, acts the rôle of Oracle and forecasts the tragedy.

It will be recalled that "The Cat and the Cherub" was first produced here about seventeen years ago, had an enormous success, and was quite recently revived by Holbrook Blinn at the Princess Theatre. So its plot is fairly familiar and the reader need scarcely be reminded that its action takes place in the San Francisco Chinese quarter, that its villain is Chim-Fen, keeper of an opium den, who covets in marriage Ah-Yoe, niece of Hoo-Tsin, a wealthy merchant. He is rebuffed, so in revenge he steals Hoo-Chee, the young son of Hoo-Tsin. Ah-Yoe is in love with Win-San-Luy, and to win her he seeks to find the lost "cherub," discovering him in Chim-Fen's cellar. Chim-Fen murders Win-San-Luy for his act, and then Win-Shee, father of the murdered boy, tracks down Chim-Fen and kills him.

It is a one-act grand opera thriller, its action being tense, its dramatic force stirring, and it held the first-night audience spellbound. The music is not remarkable, but it is a well-made, dexterously planned score which is effective in some of its lyric episodes, such as the love music between Ah-Yoe and Win-San-Luy, and the Oracle incident of Win-Shee. There is an attempt made to introduce some Chinese characteristics into the music, with only fair effect, since the music is, for the rest, out and out Italian. But the composer has not buried the dramatic sweep of the story in a welter of music, so that the thrill of the plot is easily felt and appreciated above the surge of the music.

The opera is about ten years old, so that it does not suffer from the disease of dissonance, which most living composers have contracted. It was given in London in 1905, had two performances at Covent Garden, and then disappeared from the ken of things operatic.

Its Metropolitan performance was capital. As Chim-Fen, Scotti did one of the biggest pieces of acting in his career, and gave a thrilling portrayal of this sneaky gamester of the Chinese Tenderloin, a murderer and a filthy soul. Of tremendous dignity was Didur in the rôle of Win-Shee, singing well and making the part a beautiful one in its characterization. Botta as Win-San-Luy surprised everyone by his excellent singing, but Bori as Ah-Yoe was disappointing both in acting and in song. Polacco conducted a rousingly dramatic performance, the orchestra and chorus were admirable, and the single stage setting was very effective, even though the vast Metropolitan stage is a bit too large to successfully depict the cramped quarter in which the action takes place.

As "L'Oracolo" takes little more than an hour in performance, it will always be part of a double bill, and its première was with "Pagliacci." So Gatti-Casazza is to be congratulated upon having unearthed a new running mate for both "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," which is a blessing, as these operatic twins are much in need of divorce, now that the combination has begun to pall upon the public. The cast of the first performance was as follows:

Win-Shee, Adamo Didur; Chim-Fen, Antonio Scotti; Hoo-Tsin, Giulio Rossi; Win-San-Luy, Luca Botta; Hoo-Chee, Ella Bakos; Ah-Yoe, Lucrezia Bori; Hua-Quee, Sophie Braslau; A Fortune Teller, Pietro Audisio; Conductor, Giorgio Polacco.

White

RICHARD CARLE AND MARIE CAHILL
In Act I of "90 In The Shade" at the Knickerbocker

"Fidelio" was revived at the Metropolitan on January 30th for the first time in six years. It will be recalled that the late Gustav Mahler breathed life into Beethoven's only opera six years ago, when he came to New York from Vienna and took up the baton at the Metropolitan Opera House. Imposing scenery was made in Vienna and sent over for this revival, which, however, despite its artistic interest, failed to hold the attention of the public. Now, with nearly all of the Viennese scenery pressed into service again, "Fidelio" was revived to try its fate anew. Matzenauer sang the title rôle, and by the sincerity of her portrayal gave a creditable artistic account of herself; although her voice is not sufficiently high for this music, yet certain arias, such as *Abscheulicher,* were dramatically sung.

The Story of "The Shadow" at the Empire Theatre Told in Pictures

Photos Copyright Charles Frohman The wife (Ethel Barrymore) The husband (Bruce McRae) The other woman (Grace Elliston)

Berthe Tregnier, the adoring, beautiful wife of a prominent French artist, is stricken at the beginning of their married life with paralysis, which binds her to an invalid's chair. When the play begins she has been helpless for six years. All this time her husband has been gentle and considerate, and she believes that he is faithful and only awaiting the day when she will be cured. A miracle happens. The cure for which only she had hoped is effected. She regains the use of her limbs, and keeping her re-

Berthe shows the Doctor she is cured

The wife begins to have doubts

Berthe is surprised to find a baby in her husband's studio

covery secret from everybody, goes to seek her husband in his studio, thinking to surprise and delight him, she quite ignorant of the fact that in these six years he has set up in that studio a different household for a woman he has come to love and for their baby son. Meantime, the husband is on the verge of going to his wife to ask her to give him a divorce. He finds the present deception intolerable, and wants to throw himself on her generosity. They meet in the studio. Berthe notices that her

The discovery of her husband's infidelity causes the wife keen mental anguish

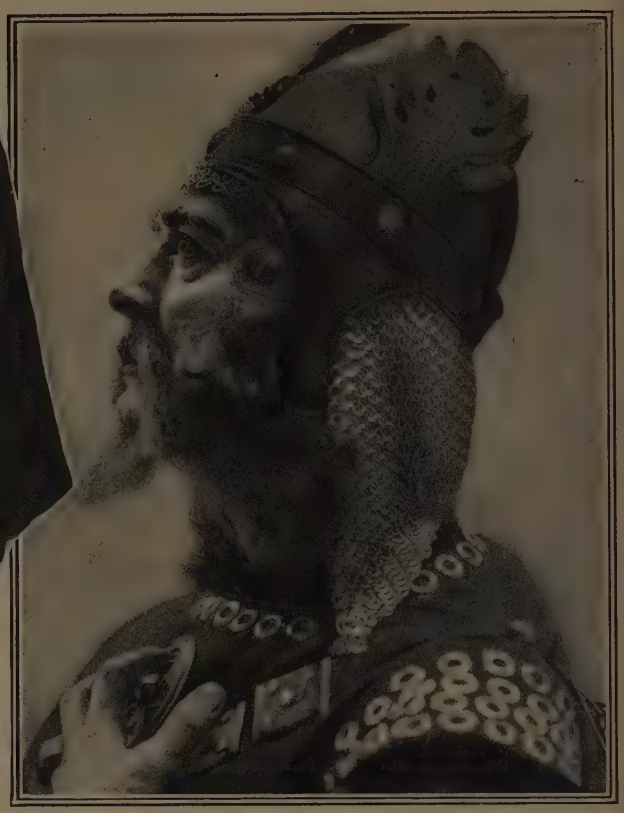
Berthe tells her husband that she will sacrifice herself

husband is not as overjoyed to see her recovered as she fondly imagined he would be. There is hesitation and embarrassment in his manner, and the truth finally dawns upon her. It is a terrible shock and she stumbles her way back to her own home and her invalid chair. Here, after a great mental struggle, she realizes that she stands between the happiness of her husband who has ceased to love her and the woman he loves. She feels that none of them can ever be truly happy under these conditions,

Matzen

AS KING JOHN

AS RICHARD III



Otto Sarony

AS MACBETH

Robert Mantell—Last of the Heroic Shakespearean Actors

A FAMOUS actor once retorted, upon being complimented on his performance of King Lear: "I play Richard, Hamlet, Othello, but by God, sir, I *am* Lear!"

One might almost say the same of Robert Mantell's Macbeth. In voice and stature this popular Shakespearean tragedian quite suggests the splendid barbarian. He is the "black Scot" that history has painted Macbeth, and his "make-up" for the character is an exact copy of the supposed picture of the ambitious Thane that hangs in Holyrood Castle.

Robert Mantell has now practically sole possession of the Shakespearean field—a worthy honor and one gained by a strict adherence to a fine and inspired theatrical ideal. Competitors have come and gone, but Mantell, by the vigor and enthusiasm of his impersonations, and the care and intelligence shown in his productions, remains a true leader. As the theatrical system of to-day not only does not train or inspire classic actors, but actually discourages them, Mantell may be said to be one of the last of the heroic Shakespearean players, whose like may never again be seen on our stage.

AS LEAR

Yet, shall it be argued that because until Mantell's appearances at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre the Bard this season had had but one play revived on Broadway, that public interest in Shakespeare has completely died out? Such a conclusion would be unfair. *Per se*, the White Light district may not care for the classical, but to an enormous element in this city there is a wide appeal for opportunities to see Shakespeare acted.

It was more than a fine physique which pushed Mantell steadily forward in his profession. Unless family tradition hands down her tragic mantle, it is a hard and long struggle for the young actor who would establish himself in Shakespearean rôles. But the ambition and perseverance were at hand; obstacles were surmounted, recognition challenged and accomplishment secured.

It is a large, varied and comprehensive repertoire which Mantell has to draw from, and to it of later years he has added plays which but for his enterprise would be unknown to theatre-goers of the present generation. Until he revived "King Lear" it had not been seen here since Salvini presented it at the Metropolitan Opera House, while "King John" suffered a total eclipse for about thirty years until Mantell saw fit to embody the central figure in one of the most glorious chronicles of English history. The cruel, crafty, cowardly British monarch is one of the most finished portraits in his theatrical gallery. His Lear, too, is a splendidly sustained picture of the sturdy King whose reason toppled through filial ingratitude. Regal in bearing, cyclonic in its imperious fury, and movingly pathetic in its senile decline, the varying moods are portrayed with fine conviction. There is dignity to his Othello and wily malevolence in his delineation of Iago. The gentle noble Brutus is sensed by him in a lofty strain of patriotic devotion, while Richard III at his hands is of the strenuous school, vigorous rather than subtle. His Romeo is fervid, but as time will not turn back, Mercutio would suit him better. Hamlet has its interesting moments, and his Sherlock is a vivid rendering of the vengeful merchant of the Ghetto. His Richelieu is a strong study of the crafty cardinal, and the title rôle of Louis XI, as enacted by Mantell, is in its picturesque cruelty and senility a fitting pendant to his King John.

AS HAMLET

Strauss-Peyton AS OTHELLO

Otto Sarony AS IAGO

It is in strong, rugged phases of character that Mantell excels. His opulent voice and fine physique find a generous outlet in rôles associated with the players of the "old school." Of his plenitude he is so prodigal that often the finer niceties are swallowed up in sound. Parts calling for introspection and soul analysis are not his happiest accomplishments. Sometimes it would seem as if he did not care to struggle with them. But in big moments of action Mantell responds, and with a glad heart, too.

Born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Robert Mantell spent his boyhood in the land of the heather. As a barefoot laddie he roamed the desolate moors and climbed the picturesque highlands of Scotland. When quite young, his parents moved to Belfast. Here the longing for a stage career manifested itself—much to the detriment of the young man's studies. He dreamed only of plays and players, and when an opportunity to appear in amateur theatricals presented itself, he eagerly availed himself of it, playing Polonius in "Hamlet" and De Mauprat in "Richelieu." His parents regarded theatrical folk as vagabonds, and apprehensive for his future they apprenticed him to a wine merchant in Belfast, with the result that the sensitive, artistic young aspirant for histrionic honors, ran away and crossed the Atlantic before he was yet out of his teens. On reaching America he made application to the Boston Museum Stock Company, but without success. It seemed impossible to gain a foothold anywhere.

Strauss-Peyton GENEVIEVE HAMPER (Mrs. Robert Mantell)

"My ambition to become an actor was greatly dampened upon arrival in New York," said Mr. Mantell. "I went the weary rounds. Hour after hour I spent trying to convince managers of my ability. No one believed in it but myself, so in two weeks, my funds exhausted, I sailed back home somewhat disheartened."

On reaching England he was more successful, and made his professional début in support of George Clark, appearing as the Sergeant in "Arrah-na-Pogue" at Rochdale, Lancashire, in October, 1876, under the name of R. Hudson. Next he was seen as Father Doland in "The Shaughraun." Then came a turn in a provincial stock company, and later he appeared with Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Theatre, London, where a drilling in classic and romantic drama gained him valued experience. Later he went on tour with Miss Marie de Grey, appearing as Romeo, Benedick, Malvolio and Shylock.

Thus encouraged, the actor decided to return to the United States, and this time he was more successful. That was in 1878, when he supported that splendid artist, Helena Modjeska. Returning to England at the close of the season, he appeared with the American comedian, George S. Knight, playing Dicky Freely in "Otto" and Cato Doro in "Forbidden Fruit." After a tour of the provinces with Miss Willis in Shakespearean repertoire, he came again to this country and made a pronounced success as Sir Clement Huntington in "The World." This was followed by Jack Herne in "The Romany Rye," the part originated by Wilson Barrett in the London production.

About this time he was engaged by Fanny Davenport to play Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora." Given the opportunity he had awaited so long, he soon proved his worth. His Loris fairly electrified New York. Theatre-goers of twenty years ago still speak of the performance with enthusiasm. It was a veritable triumph which echoed from coast to coast, and made Mantell the matinée idol of his day. Greatly piqued because of the success of this scarcely known actor, which threatened to overshadow her own, Miss Davenport determined to secure another leading man. It was a foolish move. The public refused to attend "Fedora" without Mr. Mantell in the cast, and the star was compelled to re-engage him. Once more he thrilled in the great scene, when with a refined and noble dignity, a suppressed, though intense passion, and a realism that was positively uncanny, he told how Vladimir, the treacherous betrothed of the Russian princess, had fallen by his hand. It was a scene that could have been easily spoiled, but he carried the situation to magnificent heights. His reputation was now established. The managers who previously had "nothing to-day. Leave your address," now began to make offers.

Leaving Miss Davenport, Mr. Mantell created the rôle of Gilbert Vaughn in "Called Back." The popularity he had now gained led to his rise to stellar dignity, and in 1886 he appeared in a play called "Tangled Lives." The success he achieved in this piece, however, was completely overshadowed by a later triumph in "Monbars." Mr. Mantell then revived "The Corsican Brothers," in which, by his splendid physique, virility, and knowledge of swordsmanship, made a most lasting impression.

Mr. Mantell is not only a distinguished Shakespearean actor, he is also a successful farmer. "Brucewood," the large, old-fashioned farmhouse where he makes his summer home at Atlantic Highlands is very dear to the actor. The place is not only a haven of rest, but the magnificent berries raised on the farm now form a considerable source of income.

MABEL S. KEIGHTLEY.

Photo Otto Sarony
"BRUCEWOOD," MR MANTELL'S SUMMER HOME AT ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J.

Photo Victor Georg

MISS NORA BAYES

This well-known vaudeville headliner, known as the female Al Jolson, made her reputation in "The Follies of 1909" on the New York Roof. She has popularised endless rag time ballads and has an immense following. With Jack Norworth she starred in "Miss Fix It" and since then has been seen in innumerable Broadway productions. She is now chief female performer in "Maid in America" at the Winter Garden.

WHAT I WANT TO DO

By LEW FIELDS

STOP the first ten men you meet on the street. Ask them what they want to do. The chances are that ten of them will say: "I want to be successful"—unless they happen to be actors.

Now, actors are human, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. They are just as anxious to succeed as the people in any other profession or business, but success to them means something different from what it means to others. Success in the business world is measured by the money a man makes, by the fortune he accumulates As for the actor—well, who ever refers to an actor as being rich? How many actors of yesterday left fortunes for heirs to fight over? One of England's foremost actors died last spring, leaving an estate valued at considerably less than three thousand dollars!

LEW FIELDS

Ask an actor what he wants to do, and he'll probably answer:

"So-and-so is going to put on a piece that has a great part in it I'd like to play," or, "I'm rehearsing a part now that is just exactly what I've always wanted to do."

It is a peculiarity of the actor to appraise the artistic possibilities of his work above everything else. That is because he is nine-tenths temperament. His nature embodies all of the emotions in a highly developed state. He wants to make money—yes, but as for measuring his success in the possibility of future wealth, he simply doesn't do it.

In a general way that explains my attitude toward my work. Not that I've ever had any misgivings that I'll make more money than I'll be able to spend. I don't believe there is any actor who would concede the possibility of such misfortune overtaking him. In my own case, making money for the mere sake of making it means nothing to me.

Then, what do I want to do?

The cultivation of friendship, in the ordinary sense, is a happiness the actor knows little about. I don't mean to infer that he is a friendless creature. Of course, he has his circle of friends, of intimates, but the circle is much smaller than that of the average person in other professions. Why? Well, just consider the actor's mode of living. He works at night, the time when most people are free to see and be with their friends. In the morning he sleeps, studies or rehearses. Two afternoons each week he spends at matinées. If he is on the road, his Sundays are days of travel. And if, as in my own case, he is a manager in addition to being an actor, then he has practically no time to devote to friendly intercourse.

Lew Fields in his office at the Broadway Theatre Building

Aside from a necessarily limited number of persons, the friends an actor makes are separated from him by the footlights. They are the folks who sit "out in front," and though he may never know the joy of having them slap him on the back, clasp his hand and wish him well, he loves them none the less. In fact, the very barriers to intimacy make them all the dearer to him. Whenever a player says that applause is music to his ears, put it down that he is not thinking so much of success as he is of the pleasure of pleasing his friends in the auditorium, of cementing the bond of interest that exists between them. Success viewed from the box office is not to be despised, but I would rather play to a handful of people whose applause was a genuine expression of their personal interest than to a "standing room" audience that applauded the scenic effects, color schemes and striking costumes of my productions first and my own work afterwards.

And that voices my chief reason for being in "The High Cost of Loving," for leaving musical comedy to play straight, legitimate parts. I didn't realize it at the time, but I began to pave the way for this change back in my "Music Hall" days. Then I attained some little measure of success in burlesque rôles, and burlesque, as we gave it in the Music Hall, was not so far removed from what is known as legitimate acting. The methods were broader, for the effect to be gained was that of caricature of serious work, but the basis we used for our caricaturizations (am I coining a new word?) was the same basis employed by the players whose work we were burlesquing.

As time went on and I added to my list of burlesque rôles, I was advised to forsake the work I was doing and take up straight comedy.

"It's in you, Lew," my intimates told me. "You must do it."

Time and again that remark was repeated. There's a saying, I believe, that constant dripping will wear away the hardest stone, and after a while I began to entertain suspicions that maybe there was something in the advice I was receiving. I don't want to give the impression that I was the only member of the Music Hall company to receive such encouragement. We all were encouraged and we all gave our best to the public. That our best was to lead to bigger things had been demonstrated in the splendid success in legitimate work which some of the Music Hall favorites have made.

When the Music Hall was given up there was a certain portion of the public who, I had reason to believe, confidently expected me to enter the field of comedy—comedy without music. For me, the change I then made was marked by many days and nights of torturing indecision. I wanted to do what was best for myself, but above all I wanted to retain the friends I had won—my friends "out in front."

(*Continued on page* 145)

STAGE VERSUS SCREEN

MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN GEORGE KLEINE'S FILM PRODUCTION OF "DU BARRY"

HAS the stage anything to fear from the screen in the long run?

The sudden growth of the moving picture industry and the popularity of its product, in the face of present-day theatrical depression, gives rise to much speculation as to the ultimate outcome of the contest for public favor between these amusement activities.

As many hasty and unwarranted conclusions have been drawn to the detriment of the stage in favor of the screen, it is the purpose of this discussion to examine carefully, critically, into the field of each activity and to reach, if possible, a sound judgment as to their relative scope and opportunities. Stage representations are of many kinds; but the term as used herein shall be limited to the spoken drama, while screen shall stand for what has been styled the photoplay or silent drama.

Besides providing him entertainment, man's principal source of culture and education for thousands of years has been the drama—spoken drama. This being so, is it reasonable to suppose that the drama will be consigned to the scrap-heap of lost arts in the near future because some new form of expression has been devised—one that has not yet outlived a single generation? At times authors and managers may fall short of accomplishments through ignorance and incapacity; while great actors are not always with us. Yet at such times the drama is "not dead—but sleepeth."

Cinema or moving picture entertainment is of such recent origin that one hasn't a hard time to remember its evolution to date.

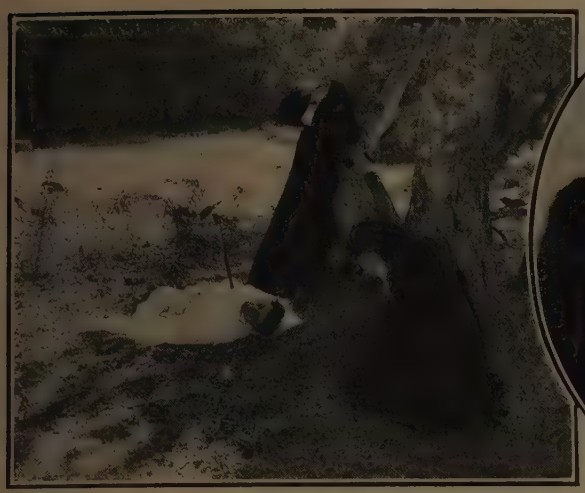
When first introduced it was a curiosity, generally a feature of a vaudeville show. Animated views of persons and scenes were reproduced. Soon it was discovered that certain acted ideas could be filmed, and that was the genesis of the photoplay. With this step forward, its possibilities as a competitor of the popular-priced theatre became apparent. Being cheap, it was readily made a fad. Picture houses began to spring up like mushrooms everywhere. On the five and ten-cent admission basis, it was an easy matter to keep them crowded. Because of a corresponding decrease in the attendance at the so-called legitimate theatres about this time, the cinema enthusiasts at once jumped at the conclusion that the screen was destined to "put the drama out of business."

Now, from a commercial standpoint, is it fair to consider as a competitor a substitute that sells for, say, one-tenth of the original? For instance, Sarah Bernhardt in pictures is on display in a theatre; the admission is ten cents and the people fight to get in. Is it reasonable to conclude therefrom that the pictures *per se* are more popular than the actress? Hardly! The only fair way to test this condition would be to pit Bernhardt in the flesh and blood against Bernhardt in pictures in rival houses and *at the same prices.* That would be real competition.

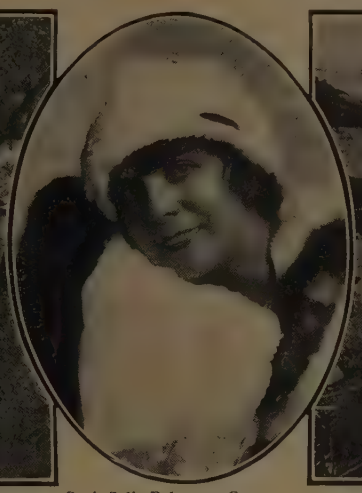
That moving pictures are not bound to maintain their grip on the amusement-seeking public always is already apparent. Managers of these theatres are varying their programs by the introduction of expensive musical features supplied by pipe-organs, piano virtuosos, orchestras, etc., and vaudeville numbers. The ear makes its demands as well as the eye. Hence, the tin-panniest orchestrophone is a welcome auxiliary to the picture house which would otherwise be tomb-like in its subdued light rather than bright and cheerful.

The trade journals devoted to the cinema industry are continually rhapsodizing about the progress to be noted in their craft and its steady improvement toward perfection. All assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, neither the character nor the quality of the photoplay has made any notable advance since its inception. What improvement is to be noted is in the photographer's art and the manner of production. But the average filmed story to-day is as crude and primitive, trite and unconvincing, as its forerunner of five or ten years ago.

Cinema patrons are beginning to demand something maturer and more satisfying than the melodramatic photoplay of bald emotions or the unfunny antics of picture comedians. Not so many years ago there was a string of "ten-twenty-and-thirty"



SCENE IN "HYPOCRITES" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE
(Bosworth)



Cop't Selig Polyscope Co.
KATHLYN WILLIAMS
(Selig Players)

EDITH TALIAFERRO IN "YOUNG ROMANCE"
(Lasky Feature Play Co.)

theatres, from one end of the country to the other, where the melodrama loving public got its thrills. These have had to give way to the moving pictures. So the devotees of blood-and-thunder and outraged virtue, who revelled in such classics as "The Moonshiner's Revenge" and "Bertha, the Beautiful Cloak Model" on the stage, have found an ample substitute in "A Drop of Blood" and "Destinies Fulfilled" on the screen.

A photoplay author who conceives a scenario of a higher type finds it almost impossible to interest any of the producing companies, and the producer bold enough to film a story without thrills and "punches" has a hard time to market it. That term "punch" tells much of the primitiveness of the current photoplay. To be sure, one branch of the spoken drama has had much recourse to the so-called "punch-play" of late. Used sparingly, it has a place in dramaturgy, but life isn't all desperation and gun-play. So, when the "punch" is worked to death (would it were!) and relied upon as the only means of holding attention, it becomes indefensible. Yet, those at the throttle of the picture business believe that their patrons want sensations—crime, shipwrecks and aeroplane weddings. Melodrama in itself is not reprehensible when it is true to life and logically a party of the story, instead of being dragged in by the heels simply for its pictorial effect.

Photo Hartsook
BLANCHE SWEET
(Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.)

Drama is life. A mere chronological succession of happenings does not necessarily constitute drama, although each one of the happenings may be dramatic in itself. A drama is a concentrated and motivated story suitably developed for stage presentation. All stories do not lend themselves to this sort of development.

WILTON LACKAYE
Featured in "The Children of the Ghetto"
(William Fox)

Very seldom is the so-called photoplay a drama, in the accepted meaning of that term. Study any moving picture program on view to-day, and (unless the cinema version of some literary work already known is on display) you will observe that the photoplay is usually built around the personality of a popular screen-actor, some striking scenery or a thrilling situation like the rescue from a burning building. Any detached picture that is unusual may become the nucleus for a photoplay. Suppose a flood should whirl a house into mid-stream, it will be promptly filmed; then an imaginative and resourceful staff-writer improvises events to be fitted fore and aft of the marooned house, and, presto! you have another photoplay that will be unblushingly advertised as "wonderfully realistic and absolutely true to life."

Of course, all photoplays are not so hastily or artificially thrown together; and yet, where is the scenario writer who puts a year or more to the studying-out and actually writing and rewriting of his screen story, as the successful playwright must do? The truth of the matter is that few photoplays are carefully worked out in advance. The director or producer gets the idea for a "big scene" that will make a "good picture." He jots down a few notes and then develops his photoplay before the camera. Only after the picture is made do the defects become apparent, but unless they are too glaring, there are no "retakes." What scenes are made over are usually because of unsatisfactory photography rather than on account of dramatic or technical flaws.

As long as the present unnatural manner of making moving pictures prevails they must continue to be inartistic. In the spoken drama, a play begins at the beginning and works step by step to the climax. It rises gradually, giving the player's emotions a chance to grow. All the while he is before the audience he knows the whole story and just what idea he is trying to convey. As a result, he gives (or should give) a portrayal that is both natural and artistic.

But the picture player is sadly handicapped from the start. The director is the Pooh-bah and the actors puppets whom he moves about at will. They seldom know the whole story of the play they are doing, unless the director chooses to tell them. The usual method is to communicate it scene by scene as each part is put on. After all the scenes have been taken and the films developed, it is chopped up and assembled consecutively in the laboratory. As several days have probably intervened between the photographing of scenes that follow one another on the screen, this accounts for

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THOMAS SANTSCHI
(Selig Players)

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MISS BETTY NANSEN

This Danish actress, well known for her interpretations of Ibsen's characters at the Royal Theatre, Denmark, has been brought over to this country by William Fox to appear in a series of film versions of well-known plays. Miss Nansen will first be seen in "The Celebrated Scandal," by José Echegaray

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EDITH JOHNSON
(Selig Players)

SCENE IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
(Jesse L. Lasky)

Unity
PEARL WHITE
(Pathe)

a variation in make-up and dress and the intensity of the acting, such as is often noticeable in the exhibited product.

When we see a finished piece of stage work, it is only after the actor has studied his part carefully and had ample opportunity to perfect himself in rehearsal, supplemented by frequent repetitions in public. The photoplayer is rushed through his scene two, three, perhaps half a dozen times, under the director's supervision, and then the camera makes the permanent record. Now, what chance is there for artistic results in such a system of unstudied haste?

Unfortunately, to date the production of moving pictures is concentrated in the hands of men who seem to consider only their money-making possibilities. As countless people rushed into the bicycle business not so many years ago, so to-day they are going into the various branches of the picture industry, from producer to exhibitor. In a comparatively short period it has become one of the world's biggest commercial enterprises—so large that it has already passed Standard Oil from the standpoint of invested capital. And in the short time of its existence this industry has already reached a condition of overproduction. Wherever men have been able to rake together enough money to buy a camera, some film and a stock of chemicals, they have started in to grind out millions of feet of additional horrors, to the end that the market is glutted with all sorts of mediocre and meretricious stuff called photoplays.

CLEO RIDGELY
(Kalem Co.)

The keen competition among picture producers has forced them to strike out for novelties, as "something new" is the life of the amusement business. With the vogue of the multiple-reel picture play, producers have begun to absorb everything there is in literature—past, present and future. They are also crowding one another to acquire the screen rights of all stage successes, irrespective of their cinema possibilities. "Les Misérables" is advertised and the countless lovers of Victor Hugo tax the capacity of the theatre. Without giving credit to the author's immortality, picture boosters forthwith claim another victory for the photoplay.

So far, all the big and noteworthy achievements in the picture world have been cinema versions of well-known literary works or of historic events. The so-called original photoplays, those not admittedly based on a story with a reputation of its own, deals with the oldest known plots. Seemingly, no particular effort is made to develop a new angel. Perhaps the photo-playwright of the future will compose a "Camille," or a "School for Scandal," that will prove its worth by continuing to attract audiences many decades after its first presentation. Such photoplays will have to provide parts that future picture players will want to enact to prove their ability, just as all earnest actors of the stage have longed to portray the rôle of Hamlet.

Recently a number of Charles Klein's dramatic successes of a few years ago have been filmed. By the picture people the results are hailed as triumphs and evidence of the adequacy of photoplay expression. But to the student of relative values, who hasn't a business interest in the picture craft, they appear as rather unhappy abortions of what he remembers as having been good dramas.

Owing to one of the most glaring screen limitations, the technique of the photoplay necessitates the use of a "leader," or printed explanation to introduce a new situation or to bridge over a gap that cannot be pictorially portrayed. In the ideal photoplays the number of leaders is minimized. But in the case of an involved story, requiring many explanations, the photoplay often becomes a series of leaders illustrated with moving pictures. In the spoken drama, surprise is one of the pleasurable elements; but this enjoyment is largely eliminated from the photoplay because the leader "flushes the game," so to speak, by preparing for what to expect. Without the captions or sub-titles, the average photoplay would be about as intelligible as a series of animated billboards.

The silent drama? As well hope to have opera without music as drama without dialogue. The function of drama is to interpret life, which, being more or less complex, there will always be certain relationships and struggles of conscience and soul that must be elucidated. For this, words are the only medium. Though the power of facial and bodily expression be marvelous, it is still impossible to visualize the depths and beauties of subtle thought by them alone. Painters and sculptors never let their works go untagged.

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "DAVID HARUM"
(Famous Players Film Co.)

As the diamond has many facets that give off different rays of light from different angles, so, too, there are many different viewpoints of life. New plays are supposed to reflect some aspect of life from a new angle. Wherefore the supply of new plays should never give out, since the world and the social conditions in which we live are constantly changing. Hence, the photoplay, if capable of reflecting life as does the drama, should give us new interpretations of our daily problems. Yet, in all of the thousands of photoplays put on so far, there hasn't been an original interpretation of life or even an attempt to reason out any of its numerous struggles at first hand. Dramas are being adapted for the screen every day of the year, but we haven't had a single screen success revamped for the stage as yet.

White

DAVID POWELL

Who appeared in "Across the Border," at the Princess, and has more recently been seen in "The Fallen Idol"

In the civilized world, probably not more than five hundred new plays are ever produced in any one year. If ten per cent. of them make good, the record is counted fine. But in the picture world, because of the feverish activity, there must be something like ten thousand photoplays produced annually. And who furnishes the material?

For a time, dependence was placed on unsolicited contributions, but owing to the low scale of compensation, capable writers have not been attracted to moving picture work. Producers contend that since the scenario requires no literary finish, it can be put together hurriedly, and is, therefore, not worth any more money than they allow. But creative writers who have the faculty of inventing good plots find it far more profitable to spend a little more time on their work and then sell it to the magazines for a good price, after which it is still available for screen adaptation. Most of the larger concerns have regularly organized corps of staff writers who supply them with material. Not many of them bear names that have been previously known in the literary world; but because of a knack they have to visualize certain ideas, they are pioneers of a new craft and classified as photo-playwrights. The work and methods of these is yet too green for analysis. Works of art and permanence are seldom hammered out on a typewriter between meals.

Naturally, while this condition exists, the photoplay is merely a make-shift, a haphazard conglomeration or hodge-podge; and so it will remain until creative writers are remuneratively attracted. This will have to happen after all the past literary and dramatic monuments have been photoplayed. Going at the present rate, that time is not very far off. But in the meantime, the photoplaysmith tinkers away industriously, and the postal deficit of years' standing has become a thing of the past since Uncle Sam has had to haul carloads of scenarios back and forth across the continent between authors and producers at first-class rates. A dozen persons seeing a play and hearing the dialogue get a dozen different impressions. But the camera would rob us of our illusion of individuality and enforce a single viewpoint. Yet that is not as great a fault as the narrowness of its scope of vision. Owing to the lense's limitation, it can reproduce only a small part of what we see happening on the regulation stage of the theatre. Therefore, when a complexed scene is to be given, the figures have to be bunched and brought so close to the camera that the proper perspective is lost. This is largely the reason why many pictures appear to be overacted. Unless this fault of the lense can be corrected or some substitute for the present practice of "close-up" photography is found, it will always constitute a fatal drawback to the screen among discerning observers.

For the present demoralized condition of the drama there are many reasons. While the moving picture has lured some people away, it alone is not responsible for the legitimate theatre's predicament. The evilest influence of all has been the producing manager himself. He has spoiled his own game by flooding the country with mediocre companies brazenly advertised as "original New York cast," in inferior attractions at inflated prices. You can't fool all the people all the time.

White

LOUISE DRESSER

Now appearing in "Hello, Broadway," at the Astor

The moving pictures came into the market just at the (for them) psychological moment. Here was a chance to get amusement for less money, when the high cost of living in every other respect was advancing. Since the theatres were giving them cheap stuff at best, the people flocked to the moving pictures, not on account of any inherent attractiveness of the photoplay as more expressive than the drama, but simply because it was cheaper. People demand amusement. As it is not to be had on credit, they make their cash go as far as possible. The "movies" conformed nicely to a lean purse. But advance the admission materially and its popularity will surely wane. A few cinema productions like "Quo Vadis" (another screen version of an established literary masterpiece) have been successfully exhibited at top prices; but the so-called picture "fans" who crowd the five and ten-cent houses do not patronize such as these. Moreover, they have been so infrequent that they prove nothing one way or another.

In the photoplay's rise, some pessimists of the theatre have pretended to foresee the drama's doom. Yet its persistence through thousands of years proves incontrovertibly that it cannot be crowded out of existence so easily. The mind craves more than it can get through the eye alone. Think of trying to ex-

(Continued on page 144)

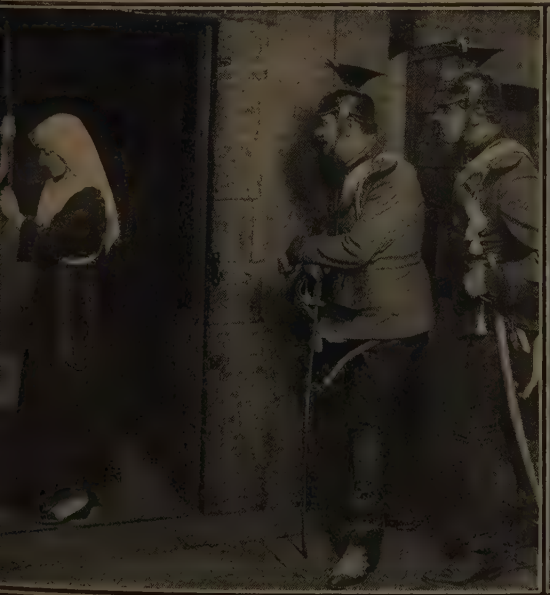
tory of Edward Knoblauch's Play "Marie-Odile" Told in Pictures

Photos White Frances Starr Frances Starr Frank Reicher Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh

Marie-Odile is a sort of Cinderella of the Convent. When the play opens she is seen doing chores, sweeping and dusting, and waiting on the Sisters. Marie-Odile has seen only two men in her life—old Peter, the gardener, and Father Fisher, the venerable priest. The Franco-Prussian war breaks out. Father Fisher comes to warn the Sisters to escape, as the victorious Uhlans are advancing down the valley spreading ruin and desolation. The Sisters flee, and Marie-Odile, who cannot be found, is

Edward Donnelly Marie Wainwright Jerome Patrick Frances Starr

left behind. The young girl returns to find the convent deserted, and while she is wondering what to do, a young corporal of Prussian Uhlans suddenly appears with a drawn sword, and little Marie-Odile, who has never seen a young man before, falls upon her knees, thinking that he is Saint Michael come to life. This closes the first act. The Uhlans take possession of the convent and are served, by the little novice, a meal at the same table at which in the first act the nuns were served. During their



Henry Vogel

soldierly revelries Marie-Odile is called upon for a toast, which she gives in these words: "May the good Lord bless and protect you all and send you back safe to your mothers." Touched by her innocence, the soldiers take on a more respectful attitude. At the sound of distant guns they hurry away, but one of them, Corporal Meissner, whom she mistook for Saint Michael with his flaming sword, remains behind. A great love is born between the little novice and the handsome young corporal, but he soon goes away to battle, and when on the termination of the war, the Mother Superior and the Sisters get back, they find her with a baby. Mother Superior tells Marie-Odile that she must leave the convent, on which she has brought disgrace. Trembling, Marie-Odile looks down in innocent bewilderment upon her child, not knowing what to say or do. Finally she passes out of the convent into the sunshine—"the hope beyond the threshold!"

White

Zelda Sears Patricia Collinge Douglas Fairbanks George Sidney

THE REHEARSAL SCENE IN JAMES FORBES' COMEDY, "THE SHOW SHOP," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Between the First Rehearsal and the Last

FEW of the thousands of playgoers who are creating a record of exceptional success for "Under Cover" are aware that neither Lily Cahill, of the New York company, nor Rita Stanwood, of the Chicago cast, was the first actress to impersonate Ethel Cartwright, the girl whose unwilling efforts to trap Steven Denby as a smuggler constitute the story of that drama Miss Cahill did play the part throughout the original metropolitan run of the piece, which preceded both the New York and Chicago engagements, beginning last Christmas in Boston and continuing there until midsummer; but the drama had been acted first for two or three trial nights in Providence. William Courtenay, then, as now, was Steven Denby, but his captor was Florence Reed. She felt herself unsuited to the rôle and insisted on resigning immediately, securing a more congenial character as the persecuted Jewess in "The Yellow Ticket," in which she has been of course uncommonly successful. But when she quitted "Under Cover" she left as a legacy one of the best lines in the play.

The scrap of dialogue was not written by the author, but occurred to Miss Reed at a rehearsal. As Roi Cooper Megrue finished his piece, Ethel, the misunderstanding between herself and Steven having cleared away, simply sank into his arms in the traditional manner of heroines when the final curtain is at hand. That such a tame and hackneyed ending was especially inappropriate to a play whose value from first to last lies in its sprightly humor, and its unexpected twists and turns was evident to everyone. But not until a late rehearsal did the happy last-line bob up. As written, the end came with Steven Denby's ready capitulation to the amateur detective, saying, "Well, you've got me!"—the significance being that she has captured the heart of the man she set out to catch merely as a criminal. To this, Miss Reed added a charming touch, which, of course, Miss Cahill and the other Ethel Cartwrights retain. She glanced up into Steven Denby's eyes, smiled alluringly at his "Well, you've got me!" and asked him, with a fascinating note of hesitation, "Have I really got you, Steve?"

Not infrequently, as happily turned a last-line occurs to the author or some actor at rehearsal, after the former has puzzled over one for months. A case in point is in "Officer 666." After the wildly extravagant incidents of the farce, nothing could have brought the final curtain down with a wittier "punch" than the two lines added at a rehearsal by George M. Cohan, who produced the piece. Said the girl, as per usual, about to sink into the hero's arms: "What a night! It doesn't seem as though such things could happen except in a play." And says he: "They couldn't."

Another inspirational last-line brings "The Dummy" to an end. About four acts we have followed the adventures of Barney, the messenger boy turned detective, who has rescued the little kidnapped heiress and restored her to her parents. In addition to the coveted adventure and excitement he is to get the reward of $10,000. "And what," asks the head of the detective bureau, "is the first thing you will do with $10,000?" Everybody listens more or less breathless to hear what the extraordinary boy will do with such a sum; but his very simply answer is, "Why, count it."

A season or two ago Willie Collier was putting on a farce, not previously acted anywhere, after having had a failure. He rushed rehearsals, working nights as well as days; indeed, the actors were not allowed to go to their rest until five A. M. on the day of the première. Then Collier left extraordinary directions with his stage-manager. The last scene, I need hardly say, found Collier and the girl he was supposed to love alone on the stage together. The comedian has no illusions about himself as a hero of romance. He must leave his audience laughing, and he felt too tired to invent any sure-fire line. So he told his stage-manager to stand on the prompt side throughout the final scene, keep alert for any burst of laughter that was noticeably louder than the one before, and then ring down the curtain quick and sharp, whatever he and the actress might be doing or saying.

On the other hand, the most elaborate finale ever devised by Clyde Fitch was abandoned at rehearsals. That was in "The Girl With the Green Eyes," which he wrote for Clara Bloodgood. Early in the play he established the fact that should the inordinately jealous Jinny's husband ever be driven to leave her by her green-eyed mania, her only resort would be to kill herself. Also, we got a hint of the method she contemplated when she made inquiries about suffocation from the fumes of sulphur So

hoto Apeda

Sincerely,
Blanche Ring

Photo Moffet

LENORE ULRICH
Playing the leading rôle in "The Bird of Paradise" on tour

in the end, when her husband had left her, Jinny placed a row of pans of sulphur across the room. Then she sat down to die. But the point of Fitch's scheme was that the pans would actually be placed across the front of the stage where the curtain falls; that as the fumes grew denser, strips and then larger pieces of silk would be shot up by currents of air; and that finally a solid curtain would rise up, closing the stage from view. Thus his drama would have ended with the rise of the curtain instead of the fall of it. But at rehearsals the device was found impracticable. Then, too, Fitch had begun to feel that popularity for his play demanded the return of the husband and a reconciliation. But most of all, he was afraid that the spectacle of a woman seated in the midst of pans of sulphur waiting to expire might end his tragedy in a whirlwind of laughter. So the public never saw or heard of Fitch's rising curtain.

Laughter in the wrong place is, of course, the bugbear of actors, authors and producers. One of the men who sponsored "Trilby" told me an extraordinary story that I could not have believed from any lesser authority. The producers were so afraid that the story of hypnotism, and especially the supernatural villainy and powers of Svengali, would not be taken seriously, that they instructed Wilton Lackaye to watch for signs of levity in the first-night audience, and, if he deemed it the only way to save the venture, to exaggerate his method and play the part for laughter.

Less incredible is Cyril Maude's action when he saw Henry Arthur Jones' comedy of "The Manœuvres of Jane" failing to entertain its first audience. With the quick perception and technical resource of an expert comedian, he broadened his impersonation of the fatuous lordling to the borderland of farce, and what was intended as high comedy ended in a rip-roaring farcical success. He must have been courageous, for Mr. Jones

is a stickler for the exact letter of his directions being carried out. When Charles Frohman pointed out to him that "Sure Mike" was American slang, and asked him not to require the leading actress in "Michael and His Lost Angel," which was produced on the same night in New York and London, to call the clergyman who loved her Mike, Mr. Jones was adamant. The result was hard on his play, though not on him directly, for he was three thousand miles away, whereas Viola Allen had to face the audience, and, turning love-lit eyes on Henry Miller when he asked if she loved him, coo, "Surely, Mike." Pinero, on the other hand, took Daniel Frohman's tip in the case of "Lady Bountiful," and allowed him to change the name of the hero, played in London by J. Forbes-Robertson, and in New York by Herbert Kelcey, from Dennis to Donald.

Even such an expert as David Belasco cannot always guard against laughter in the wrong place. When he was rehearsing "Is Matrimony a Failure?" he figured that, after two acts of continuous laughter, a touch of quiet sentiment would serve as a relief to the audience. So at the end of the second act, when the numerous young husbands, having found their marriages not legal, have left their tyrannical wives, he had the elderly woman, who really was properly married, and was about to celebrate her silver wedding anniversary, call her husband to her, sit down on the veranda in the dusk, while their daughter in the parlor played *How Can I Bear to Leave Thee?* droop her old head on his shoulder, and murmur, "And this was my wedding day." It seemed an altogether happy ending for the second act. Even at the dress-rehearsal, Mr. Belasco was confident of the effect, and several of the actors declared it a master-stroke of delicate sentiment. But the first audience—at Atlantic City—roared with laughter; they thought it almost the funniest thing in the play. The scene was never acted again.

Much usually happens between the first rehearsal and the last. No less an authority than Augustus Thomas has declared that plays are not written, but re-written. During rehearsals of his dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," in which Robert Edeson was the star, and even after the first tentative performances in New Haven, no less than seven different climaxes to the third act were tried before a final one was settled on. On another occasion, when W. H. Crane was rehearsing a comedy called "The Governor of Kentucky," Mr. Thomas offered to come to a complete rehearsal and give any friendly advice he could. What he shrewdly saw was that there was nothing the matter with the play, but that Mr. Crane, as is his custom, had grown nervous and superstitious about it. So Mr. Thomas, pointing out that there were thirteen characters in the cast, recommended that one more be added. Thus Mr. Crane gained an entirely superfluous mother, and his management saw the salary list swell by just one hundred dollars every payday.

Another instance of a character written into a play during rehearsals was the one that Drina de Wolfe acted with Henry Miller in Richard Harding Davis's first long piece, "The Taming of Helen." Mr. Miller was cast for a hard-up American author in London, with a lot of plays he could not sell. Finally, a genial actress got a chance for him with a wealthy bounder, who was willing to lose a lot of money starring a prodigiously beautiful showgirl. This character, though almost the mainspring of the piece, and talked about from first to last, never appeared. "Why not show the girl?" suggested Mr. Miller. Mr. Davis immediately saw the advantage of this, both dramatically and in the popular attraction of a famous beauty added to the company. So Mrs. de Wolfe was engaged and Mr. Davis straightway set about creating a character worthy of her pulchritude. Night after night he sat up till the wee small hours in his apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria, writing busily so that he could turn up at rehearsal the next day with something for the added player to act.

Henry Miller is an invaluable aid to authors. Though he has never written a play himself, he sees exactly what should be done. He has turned many a potential failure into a positive success between the first rehearsal and the last. In that he resembles several leading London actor-managers, who owe to their reconstructive powers their ability to retain dominant positions after old age has put them entirely beyond the ideal of romantic heroes. Charles Wyndham is especially expert. When he produced "The Mollusc," by Hubert Henry Davies, general surprise was expressed that so young and comparatively inexperienced a dramatist should have had the technique and the daring to write a full-length play with only four characters to keep going—not even an incidental servant. But the fact is that when Wyndham put "The Mollusc"

(*Continued on page* 142)

White

FLORENCE NASH
Appearing as Polly Cary in "Sinners," at the Playhouse

Photos Sarony ADA REHAN

AUGUSTIN DALY

MRS. GILBERT

A Child's Memory of Augustin Daly

IT may, I fear, be difficult for those who knew Augustin Daly only as the manager and stern disciplinarian, to believe that there was another side of his nature, infinitely tender and human. The following letters, written by Mr. Daly to the present writer in her early childhood, reveal a part of this brilliant man's character, which was shown only to few.

"Heart's Delight"

Our two families were linked by the ties of closest friendship, and, at an early age I became the playmate, pet, almost the cherished little sister of his own children, two bright lads, who both died of diphtheria on the same day, at the ages of eleven and fourteen. I well remember the day of their death, and how I refused to be comforted. Burying my head in a pillow, I cried as if my poor little heart would break, for, as I told every one, "I was going to marry them both when I got big." It seemed, indeed, to me then as if the world could never be the same again, now that Austin and Leonard were gone.

The loss of his two boys was a blow from which Mr. Daly never fully recovered, and it was then that he turned to me for consolation with such pathetic love and yearning that I cannot even now look back to it without pain. "Jim" was a pet name the boys had given me, and "Jim" I remained until after their death, when Mr. Daly christened me his little "Heart's Delight."

The Daly home was on Fiftieth Street, near Fifth Avenue, and after Austin and Leonard's death I became an almost constant little visitor there, spending many happy weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Daly, and how hard I tried to make up to them both in love and affection for all they had lost.

Mr. Daly was a deeply religious man, and always attended daily mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. I used to give strict orders every night before I went to sleep that I was to be awakened in plenty of time to wave to the "Governor" as he passed the house in the morning on his way from the Cathedral to take the Sixth Avenue car downtown.

Sarony

Augustin Daly's two sons, the death of whom, at an early age, was a loss from which the manager never fully recovered

Mr. Daly often gave me his box for the Saturday matinée, and my excitement and delight in selecting those with whom I wished to share my good fortune was unbounded. The following letter brought me the tickets for the "Merry Wives of Windsor" on one of these occasions:

"January 19, 1886.

"DEAR HEART'S DELIGHT:

"It was just like my little loving heart to think Mr. Daly would be lonesome this very rainy morning, and her letter was just like a great big ray of sunshine and lighted up my office, and a great deal more than my office. But what pleased me most of all was to think how splendidly my little friend is getting on at school to be able to write such a fine letter. Why, I was twice as big as you before I could write half as well as that, and now I think you deserve a holiday, and I want you to make up a little party to come to the matinée next Saturday. You must bring Grandma and Auntie, and Brother Georgie and Sister Margaret, and anyone else who has been good to you.

"Your loving big friend,

"AUGUSTIN DALY."

I frequently saw the same play over so many times I grew to know it almost by heart. At nearly every performance I attended, once between the acts, Mr. Daly would come to the box, and with, "Come, 'Heart's Delight,' I want you," he would take my little hand in his big one and back we would go through the door behind the box onto the stage, and then to see Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, May Irwin, John Drew, and last of all to Miss Rehan's dressing room. "Miss Wee-han" was my childish pronunciation of her name, and even now as I write it I feel a strange little thrill. Only one who has worshipped at some similar shrine can realize what her existence meant in my young life. Every word she uttered was treasured up in my memory to be repeated over and over to my family and friends. Her letters were tenderly tied with ribbon and put away. On one birthday she sent me a dear little ring, and on the following Christmas a lovely little doll's canopy bed, every stitch of the coverings and draperies of which she made with her own hands. I still have among my mementos a few pressed roses

Photo White

MLLE. DAZIE IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Mlle. Dazie, a French dancer, first came into prominence in this country some ten years ago in a piece called "Le Domino Rouge." She appeared in public places as well as on the stage in a red mask, and for a time succeeded in keeping her identity completely concealed. This had the desired effect of piquing public curiosity and Mlle. Dazie was one of the best advertised stars on Broadway. Later she became première danseuse at the Manhattan Opera House. She was one of the original members of the Winter Garden organization, opening in "Belle Paree." Later she was seen in "The Merry Countess" at the Casino. More recently she has been appearing in vaudeville as Pierrette in Sir James M. Barrie's one-act play, "Pantaloon." She is now in the new Winter Garden production, "Maid in America"

from the bouquet of flowers presented to Miss Rehan by the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward, on the occasion of her first great London triumph. The following is the first letter Miss Rehan ever wrote me:

"April 5, 1886.

"DEAR LITTLE F——:

"I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive a letter from you, for you know little girls as small as you seldom write letters. Now about your party. I am so sorry I can't come, but you see I must not stop playing 'Nancy' even once, for we are going away soon, and plenty of people have not seen it yet. I am disappointed, for I wanted to see your lovely dolls. Mrs. Daly has told me how fond you are of them. When I was a little girl I had a whole family of dolls, and loved them very dearly, but I soon grew to be a woman and had to bid them all good-bye. It was very good of you to pray for me, and now I shall not be afraid to cross the ocean, for you are such a good little girl that God, who loves all little children, will surely listen to your prayers.

"I hope I shall see you before I sail, so you can give me one more kiss.

"This is the first letter I ever wrote to a little girl.

"With a kiss and a long, long hug,

"Lovingly yours,

"ADA REHAN."

LOIS JOSEPHINE
Singer and dancer now appearing in vaudeville

The following letter was written by Miss Rehan a few weeks later to a near relative of mine in answer to one congratulating her on her first real success in a Shakespearean rôle:

"DEAR MRS. ——:

"Many, many thanks for your kind letter. It is needless to say how proud and happy we all are at the great success. We feel that Mr. Daly is at last receiving the acknowledgment he has so long deserved. One cannot help but feel very proud of him."

It was at this stage of Mr. Daly's career that a heretofore relentless tide of adversity seemed about to turn.

"I am so happy," Miss Rehan continues, "to be able to add my little mite and share slightly in his triumph. Dear Little Heart's Delight, please give her my love, and tell her she must not mind if she sees me very angry in the new play, for it is all Mr. Drew's fault. I would love to have a visit from her some day soon, but I can't promise one in return, for when Sunday comes I am so tired out it is even hard for me to see my dear mother.

"Hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing you,

"Most sincerely yours,

"ADA REHAN."

When Mr. and Mrs. Daly and the company went abroad we used to go to the steamer to wish them *bon voyage*. On one of these occasions I remember particularly Miss Edith Kingdon, who was the cynosure of all eyes, in consequence of her reported engagement to Mr. George J. Gould. In spite of this rumor, however, she was going abroad to play the part of Marjorie Gwynne in "Love on Crutches." The time at which the ship was scheduled to sail was rapidly drawing near, belated passengers were dashing up in cabs each instant and Miss Kingdon stood at the railing, eagerly scanning each new face as it came up the gangway, watching for Mr. Gould, who was coming to bid her good-bye. Upon her return from this trip, Miss Kingdon and Mr. Gould were married immediately. This same year Mr. Daly wrote me the following letter:

LONDON, June 12, 1886.

"MY GOOD LITTLE HEART'S DELIGHT:

"I wrote your Auntie a letter this morning from the hotel where I am stopping, and then I made up my mind to go away from that hotel, and I went out to find another, and I did, so Lizzie and Romy are packing up to move this afternoon, and I am sitting down at the theatre to write to you, so you can tell Auntie the news. Mrs. Daly is in Paris, and doesn't know we are going to move, so I will have to telegraph her. Won't she be surprised?

"London is an *awful* big place. It is a nice place, but somehow I don't think it is a good place. I think it is much harder to be good in London than in New York. There are few Catholic churches here, and they are hidden away in little back streets, as if few people wanted to know or find them. By and by, however, if all good Catholics pray earnestly to God, I think He will change all this.

"I hope you enjoy the rice-cake every day. I wish I had some in London. I suppose you will be a big girl when I get home. Rice-cake is very good to grow up on. Give my love to your Auntie and tell her to give you 99 hugs and 99 kisses for me, and be sure and count 'em, and see she doesn't lose any. God bless you!

"Your loving big friend,

"AUGUSTIN DALY."

While on the same trip Mr. Daly wrote to a member of my immediate family as follows:

"LIVERPOOL, September 8, 1836.

"DEAR ——:

"By this time you have become convinced that I am a bad man, but the past few weeks in England, though successful, have been full of anxiety and care. I am alone, so to speak, as I left Mae (Mrs. Daly) in Paris with her brother. She must be having a fine time, for I haven't had a word from her. She has, of course, written you of all she has seen and done. Liverpool is a dull place, and she misses nothing by not being here. Even the finest hotels are nothing but a patch on our best home hotels. They are very grand inside and out, but the service and food very poor.

"It has given me a dreadful shock to hear how ill Heart's Delight has been, and how she has suffered. God forbid that she should go so soon to join Austin and Leonard.

"Miss Kingdom left me in Berlin, and has, I understand, gone home.

"Love to all from "A. D."

Little Bijou Fernandez played with Mr. Daly's company about this time, and she was an object of great wonderment to me. That a child so near my own age could play the parts she did seemed indeed marvellous. I used to sit next to her in the Daly pew at mass every Sunday in the Cathedral, and I fear my devotions were sadly

KITTY CHEATHAM
This well-known American *diseuse* made her annual appearance recently at the Lyceum

otos taken especially for The Theatre Magazine

Copyright Byron, N. Y.

No. 13: Mr. William Courtenay

neglected in consequence, and when once she came to a little party Mrs. Daly gave for me, I was fairly beside myself with joy. Mr. Daly knew of my awed admiration of Bijou, and he used to tell me if she should ever fall ill he would certainly expect me to play her part until she recovered. He was, of course, only teasing me, but I firmly believed him, and for some time lived in constant terror of anything happening to Bijou.

Mr. Daly's love for his mother was very great, and all during his busy, active life his devotion to her never wavered. She was a dear little old lady—one of the old-fashioned mothers. She had been strict to the point of severity with her two sons, but they always regarded her with the utmost reverence.

I have often heard Mr. Daly laugh over the days when, as a young reporter he would frequently remain out very late at night. This he knew would not meet with his mother's approval, so upon returning home before opening the front door with his latch-key, he would remove his shoes, steal softly in the house and up the stairs, and always, just as he was beginning to feel relieved that he had not aroused his mother, she would call out from her room, "Young man! I hear you, remember."

Mr. Daly wrote to a near relative of mine at the time of her own mother's death as follows:

"London, May 12, 1888.

"My dear ——:

"I have delayed writing you in your sorrow, and am still without the heart to do so, for a mother's loss is the keenest sorrow we will ever know in this world. No matter how well we are prepared for it, the blow is just as great. Your cable came just as our performance was about to begin, and all the evening your sad little face was before me. I wish that Mae and I might have been with you. Write us as soon as you can.

* * * * * *

"The success here this time has been all Miss Rehan's. The play and company are not so much in favor. Love to Heart's Delight. Faithfully,

"Augustin Daly."

To the same friend on another occasion Mr. Daly wrote from London of the first bright days there:

"London, England.

"Dear ——:

"I am glad the impression of our triumph is so good at home. It is a *real* triumph over British prejudice. Of course, I am not making money. The theatre is too small, the season late, and the expense too heavy; but the endorsement I have received here is worth every cent it has cost me. The very best people come and go away delighted. We have Dukes and Duchesses and Lords and Ladies in plenty. Even the Siamese Embassy has come, and last night we had a Japanese princess. But I haven't grown any prouder than I was. I think you will find me just the same. A little more confident of myself, perhaps, but I was always that; though some people mistook my feeling and called it obstinacy.

"What a jolly chat we will have over this trip when I get home. You must come to us as soon as we arrive."

Mr. Daly never returned from even a short trip without bringing me some little gift. Often it would be a piece of jewelry, a doll, a dainty set of china, a fur boa and muff, and once, way out in San Francisco, he bought a lovely little dress he happened to see and fancied would be becoming to me.

While on this trip he wrote me the following letter:

"San Francisco, July 25.

"My dear Little Heart's Delight:

"I got your very sweet little letter on my birthday, and I put your card and dear little picture on my desk at once, and I read your letter first to myself and then to Mrs. Daly; then I loaned it to Mrs. Daly to read to Mrs. Judge Daly; then I got it back from Mrs. Daly and I read it to Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Rehan, and they *all* thought it just splendid, and that I should feel very proud and happy that there was such a good and pretty little girl who thought so much of me to write me such a sweet letter and send me so many hugs and so many kisses. But I had to confess to them that the hugs and kisses were only make-believe, that you only wrote them; in fact, they were just paper hugs and kisses, because when you and I meet you often keep so far away from me I can't even get half a real hug and kiss. Isn't that so? Never mind, by and by you and I will get to understand each other better, and then you won't hide behind Auntie's skirts when I beg for a hug, will you?

"I was very hungry when your letter came, and wished you had put in that peanut you were eating.

"I hope you are having a happy summer in the country, and are a good little girl, so not to worry Grandma and Auntie. Give them both my love and tell them Mrs. Daly and I will soon be home, so we will see you all before long.

"Your 47-year-old friend,

"Augustin Daly."

White

MARILYNN MILLER

Appearing on tour in "The Passing Show of 1914"

The next year, on his birthday, Mr. Daly sent us the following cablegram from London, in reply to a congratulatory one of ours:

"Many thanks for cable. Mae sends love. Hug Heart's Delight for

"A. D."

And dear old Mrs. Gilbert. I must not forget her. How she did love the "Governor." Some time after his death she dined with us one evening at Mrs. Daly's home, and even then she could not speak his name without tears. On this occasion, one of the guests present paid Mrs. Gilbert a pretty compliment apropos of her perennial youthfulness. She laughed and in reply said: "Well, child, they tell me I am over eighty, but do you know I *just don't* believe a word of it."

Strangers now occupy that old home, and those whose presence made it dear to me are gone forever. The "Governor," Mrs. Daly, Grandma Daly and the boys are all laid at rest, and I am left with some treasured gifts, a few letters and the tender memory of bygone years.

The closing night of the season was never an enjoyable one for Mr. Daly, because of his dread of being obliged to respond to the call from the audience for a speech. Appearing before the footlights was always distasteful to him, and speechmaking was his *bête noire*. At these times he was uncomfortable, ill at ease, in fact, not himself at all.

One night, just before sailing for abroad, Mr. Daly was dining at his home particularly early,

(*Continued on page* 143)

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ELSIE FERGUSON

Starring in Hubert Henry Davies' play "Outcast" at the Lyceum Theatre

"MY FIRST LINES"

TO see our favorite dramatic stars saunter about the stage quite as though they were there first and the stage setting had been built around them, as a sort of after-thought, it is difficult to imagine them timidly stepping forth before the footlights for the first time and saying their very first professional lines. But as there is a "first" for everything, they naturally went through that more or less thrilling experience. What were their first words? What was the play? Where, and when and what parts and how old were they? A number of the most prominent players now before the public have answered all these interesting questions, and here is what they said:

Otis Skinner

"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Those were my first lines," said Otis Skinner, "and I fear I put altogether too much emphasis on them, for I was fearfully impressed with the importance of my very small part. It was in the play 'Woodleigh,' produced at Wood's Museum, in Philadelphia, October 30, 1877. My salary was $8 a week, and the part I had was 'Old Plantation,' a negro. The next year I was playing minor parts in a company with John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Mary Anderson."

Julia Sanderson

"Here they come, tra, la, la!"

"My first lines were not spoken, but sung," says Julia Sanderson, "and for the life of me I cannot remember the name of the play, we had so many, and I was only ten years old. It was in 1897 when I made my first public stage appearance with the Forepaugh Stock Company in Philadelphia. I remained with that company for five years, and then went to understudy Paula Edwards in 'Winsome Winnie,' having a place meanwhile in the chorus."

John Drew

"This must be old Barkins."

John Drew's first lines. Everyone who has watched his absolutely perfect stage presence will smile at the coincidence of the title of his first play, "Cool as a Cucumber." "I was twenty years old," said Mr. Drew, "when I made my first professional appearance. This was in 1873, at the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. My father had been manager of it and upon his death my mother took up the management and maintained a stock company. She was also the star."

Blanche Bates

"How do you do?"

"That was the way I made my first appearance on the stage, just laughed and said: 'How do you do?'" explained Blanche Bates, and she laughed as she said it this time. She was eighteen years old when she appeared in a small part in a one-act play by Brander Matthews, entitled, "This Picture and That." The performance was at Stockwell's Theatre (later the "Columbia"), in San Francisco, in 1894, and was a benefit performance for L. R. Stockwell, the theatre manager.

Robert B. Mantell

"Halt!"

Robert Bruce Mantell's "first lines" consisted of one sentence of one word. He was the Sergeant in "Arrah-na-Pogue," at the Theatre Royal, Rochdale, England, in October, 1876. His age was twenty-two. "My Scotch parents did not approve of my desire to become an actor, so they apprenticed me to a wine merchant. But I ran away and managed to get a place in the Arrah-na-Pogue Company under the name of 'R. Hudson,' and you may believe that Mr. R. Hudson was very proud in his sergeant's uniform as he exclaimed 'Halt!'"

Alla Nazimova

"Good morning, my dear Miss Tesman."

"Those were my first words in English on the stage, and I was twenty-six years old," said Madame Nazimova. "They tried to make a violinist of me. I could speak French and German perfectly because I had lived in Switzerland all through my childhood, and I had to learn my native Russian all over again. My first lines in English on the stage were spoken at the Princess Theatre, in New York, where I appeared in Ibsen's 'Hedda Gabler.' Previously I had played only in Russian."

Henry Miller

"What does your grace mean?"

Henry John Miller asked that question as the Earl of Shrewsbury in the production of "Amy Robsart," in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, Canada, in 1877, when he was eighteen years old. He was with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolcot. Mr. Miller was born in London but educated in Toronto and trained for the stage for four years. "I was inspired to take up the profession of the stage through reading about the early struggles of the late Henry Irving," said Mr. Miller.

William Faversham

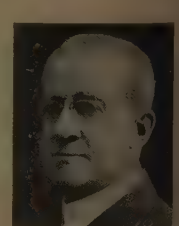
"He jests at scars who never felt a wound!"

thundered sixteen year old William Faversham, at Ladbrook Hall, London, England, February 12, 1887. It was his very first appearance on the professional stage, and he had a part in "Romeo and Juliet." "Only a few months later," said Mr. Faversham, "I appeared at the Union Square Theatre in New York in 'Pen and Ink' in support of Helen Hastings." Afterward he was seen with Sothern in "The Highest Bidder." His first big success was in "Lord and Lady Algy."

Copy't Dover St. Studios
Cyril Maude

"The carriage waits at the door, madame."

"I was twenty-one when I spoke my first lines on the stage," said Cyril Francis Maude, the well-known English star who is now delighting American audiences with his admirable impersonation of "Grumpy," "and I appeared in that old stand-by, 'East Lynne,' at the Tabor Opera House, in Denver, Colorado, with Daniel Bandmann. I cannot remember the date, about forty years ago, I think." Since then Mr. Maude has become a favorite with the public of two hemispheres.



William H. Crane

"In consideration of Ma'mselle, Marie de Berkenfeldt being united to Archambante Duke de Grandtete, Madame Priscilla de Berkenfeldt, aunt of the said Marie, agrees to settle upon the husband certain herein named estates, the Duke de Grandtete on his part merely bestowing upon his Duchess his ancient and hereditary titles." For a "first line," William H. Crane seems to have had a record-breaker. "The date was July 13, 1863. I was the Notary in 'The Daughter of the Regiment.' in Mrs. Harriet Holman's company, and was eighteen years old, my pay being the training and my board."

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Stage Versus Screen

(*Continued from page* 130)

press in a photoplay version of "Faust" the philosophy contained in Goethe's noble poetry.

The photoplay is for the moment, while memories of the drama linger. One might liken the former to a newspaper that grows old and worthless as soon as read, while the drama is as as a precious volume which we treasure.

Through a long refining process, the producing of a real play has become an art; while photoplay making is nothing more than a matter of manufacture. It is conceived, put on photographed, printed and distributed for exhibition with a rush, so as to bring in the dollars as fast as possible. While it is true that the drama has been fostered primarily for a profit too, yet other important elements have usually entered into its production, besides the merely commercial. When that becomes the sole reason for putting on plays, the drama lapses as in the recent past and the theatre suffers. Then new men with new ideals enter the producing ranks and a new era begins for the drama once more. That is history.

When the stage recovers from its present spell of depression, it will be the gainer for the popularity of the screen, which has awakened the latent desire for drama in millions of people who would never have been reached before because of the prejudice against the theatre. Having had a taste, these people are now demanding something better dramatically. Real drama alone will give them satisfaction, and the legitimate theatre is the only place where it can be had. Of course, the managers will have to adjust themselves to new conditions. They will have to provide better dramatic fare and at more reasonable prices. This can be done, for besides the steady output of new plays (some of which will pass muster) there is a well established library of standard plays ready for use at any time. By scaling down the exorbitant salaries of actors and reducing the profits of theatre properties of a legitimate basis, it will be possible for the great middle class once more to buy theatre seats occasionally.

Greed on the part of the managers drove the drama into temporary retirement. This same Nemesis is already on the heels of the cinema industry. Few cities of any consequence in this country but what are overbuilt from a moving picture house standpoint. Just as the producing managers of the legitimate theatre did, so the moving picture people are killing their own business in being unable to control or regulate it.

Hence, it appears that the psychologic moment for the recovery of the stage is about to strike. By this it is not meant that the moving picture will become extinct. Far from it! There is a large field for the cinema industry, and that field will be as distinct and individual as is the theatre's. The moving picture of the future will visualize principally historical events, scientific subjects, travel pictures and current happenings. Its educational possibilities and entertainment potentiality in these lines are inestimable. But as for competing with the drama, as well expect a dramatic reader of plays to make people forget to want to see the plays acted as to look forward to the time when an intelligent audience will be wholly satisfied by looking at flat photographed action without the dialogue necessary to explain it. You suggest the talking "movies." No doubt they will be an improvement when perfected. But mechanical representation will never be more than a shadow at best, an unsatisfactory make-shift for the substance.

Having shown that they are not in any sense competitors, the logical and only conclusion is that in the long, it will not be Stage Versus Screen, but Stage and Screen, each fulfilling its separate mission and catering to a distinct demand. There is room and need for both. For the stage, there is another blossom period just ahead. And the screen will come into its own once the moving picture is stripped of its artificiality and the patent clap-trap of the photoplay. Then it will develop along natural and legitimate lines, for the atmosphere will have been clarified, so far as both stage and screen are concerned.

H. O. Stechhan.

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Quaver—"'Would That I Were Young Again.'"

Quaint—"Great Scott! You'll never get any woman to sing that."—*Boston Transcript.*

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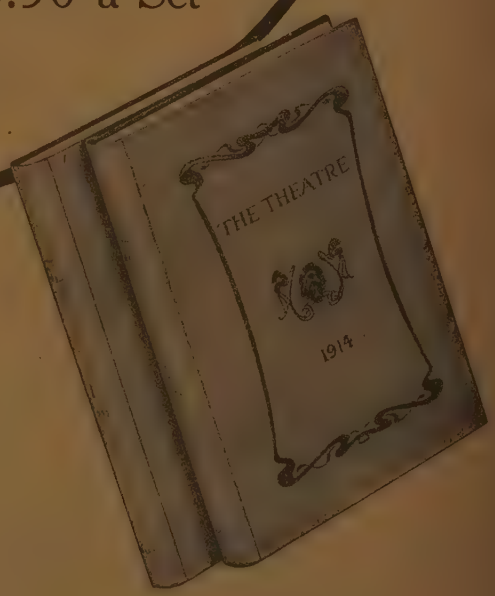

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What I Want To Do

(Continued from page 125)

How I wished that I could go to each one of them and ask advice! That, of course, was impossible, so, in the end, I decided to continue in musical productions.

It has frequently been said that everyone of age in the United States has written a play. That can't be far from wrong—judging from the number I read. For months I read on an average of twenty-five plays a week. Many of them were good, some were excellent, but none of them was what I wanted.

But "The High Cost of Loving" came along. I thought I saw in it the very chance I was looking for, and others who read the manuscript agreed with me.

"Hamlet" was never produced with more attention to detail. I worked for weeks building up my portrayal of the "mustard king." Every gesture, ever intonation I employ was copied from life. For instance, in my depiction of Herr Klincke's most excited moments I beat my hips with closed hands. This gesture is identical with one my old father used to make when things went awry.

The public has encouraged me in my undertaking, and now I can begin to look ahead and work for a realization of what I hope to accomplish.

Nazimova in "War Brides"

(Continued from page 117)

baby garments, presses them to her lips and goes into a neighboring room. A shot is heard. Rather than bear a son to be massacred at the Emperor's whim, Hedwig has killed herself.

The few lines given from Hedwig's speeches merely suggest the deep significance and impressiveness of what she says. While it might thrill as a mere preachment against war and the conditions, it would lack force if the whole situation and every incident in the play were not dramatic, and concerning the individuals in every vital way. It is a true dramatic action, in every sense dramatic, dramatic in every moment and syllable of it. There are tender and touching passages. It is full of character and atmosphere. It also has every needed theatrical touch.

Mme. Nazimova was never more natural, earnest and fiery than she is in the rôle of Hedwig, the passionate peasant champion of outraged womanhood. It is a remarkable performance, thrilling in its emotional intensity, soul stirring in the depths it sounds of human distress and pathos. The idea of the play is bigger and stronger than any individual actress could be, but we cannot imagine a more fitting representative of Hedwig, who in turn is representative of woman's protest against war and this incident of war whereby she is made a purveyor for its most horrible consequences.

New Victor Records

The Victor is to be congratulated upon its enterprise in presenting in the February list of new Victor Records four Carmen records by Geraldine Farrar and one by Frances Alda, which, added to the Victor Carmen records by Caruso and Amato already issued, gives everyone the opportunity to hear this all-star cast in this great success. The four Farrar records are the four principal airs from Carmen, *Love is like a Wood Bird, Near the Walls of Seville, the Gypsy Song,* and *Away to Yonder Mountains,* and they are perhaps the most beautiful in her entire list. Mme. Alda's fine record is Micaela's air, *I Am Not Faint Hearted.*

Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist are heard in a light and graceful Saint-Saëns number, the lovely song being given with a freshness of voice and beauty of delivery quite delightful, while Mr. Zimbalist plays the violin obligato in faultless style. Two other famous violinists also contribute solos, Maud Powell playing a dainty Schmitt *Lullaby* in an exceedingly effective manner, and Mischa Elman gives his own arrangement of an Eighteenth Century gem with a wonderful beauty of tone which is a delight to hear.

Two noble Beethoven numbers, the *Funeral March* and the *Moonlight Sonata,* and the charming little *Le Secret* intermezzo, are beautifully played by Vessella's Italian Band; and the Victor Concert Orchestra gives a delightful rendition of the exceedingly graceful and melodious *Sylvia* ballet of Delibes. The pure and delicate tones of the celesta, that comparatively unknown instrument so skillfully played by Felix Arndt, are again in evidence on two new double-faced records, comprising four selections. *Advt.*

Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

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First Rehearsal and the Last

(*Continued from page* 135)

into rehearsal there were eight persons in it.

A more drastic change was made by him in the case of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," though the idea has always been credited to the author, Henry Arthur Jones. It was Lena Ashwell, "creator" of the part acted in this country by Margaret Anglin, who told me the facts. It will be recalled that the scene that made the drama famous is the cross-questioning of Mrs. Dane by an astute lawyer, whose adopted son intends to marry her. Malicious gossips have delved into her past and cast doubt on her morality. The K. C. elects himself as Mrs. Dane's defense. But at every turn, she blocks him in trying to get at facts that will discredit the charges of the scandal-mongers. Of course, though somewhat in the dark, we know that she is fighting to hide something. At last, the lawyer becomes suspicious. He catches Mrs. Dane in a lie. That means they must go back to a fresh start, working on the new admissions. Presently, the lawyer becomes convinced that everything she says is false. Still he tries to be gentle, to believe the best, to build up her defense. It is only when no doubt remains that he turns on her and wrings from her a confession of her past. Now, while the scene must have been one of great power in any case, the twist that Wyndham gave it during rehearsals, increased its effectiveness fifty per cent. For it seems that as Mr. Jones wrote it, the lawyer had unearthed all the facts, knew from the first what the frenzied woman was concealing, discovered nothing new as the scene progressed; all he was working for was a confession.

Still one more instance of a drastic change in a recent play that proved, thereafter, an exceptional success may be cited in the case of "The Return of Peter Grimm." As originally written by David Belasco and acted by David Warfield, the death of the gentle old Dutch horticulturist, who later returns in the spirit, was a scene of extraordinary power. Some people even likened it to the death of King Lear, and saw in Mr. Warfield's work a proof of his ability to play the great Shakespearean rôle. But the effect was not only too depressing but so impressive that everything that followed seemed anti-climacteric. At first, Mr. Belasco thought he would have to go to the other extreme and, in the Greek fashion, have Peter die "off stage." But that would have weakened, if not absolutely ruined, the illusion of his return being only spiritual. The producer pondered. Finally, he hit on the expedient of having Peter die on the stage but pass away peacefully in his sleep, sitting in a large chair whose back, turned toward the audience, almost wholly concealed him. One got only a glimpse of the gray head nodding forward, saw a limp hand drop, and guessed the truth when Peter's pipe fell from lifeless fingers. But "The Return of Peter Grimm" was several weeks old before that greatly helpful change was made.

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When a great song eminently popular is peculiarly fitted to a great voice such as possessed by Margarete Matzenauer, a recording of such a song by such a voice has universal interest.

A new Columbia record of great interest is "Silent Night," sung by Madame Matzenauer, leading mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House. On the reverse of this record Madame Matzenauer sings "The Rosary."

Edward Johnson under the pseudonym, Edoardo di Giovanni, has achieved some of the highest honors ever bestowed upon a foreign artist in Italy. His singing of the two selections: "There Is But One Way," and "The Holy Grail," are from "Parsifal," one of his very best rôles.

To those who have heard Madame De Cisneros sing, additional selections from "Orfeo" and "La Gioconda" will be thoroughly enjoyed.

Two fine interpretive artists are the well-known tenor and soprano, Reed Miller and Grace Kerns. New depths of meaning will be found in the well-known ballads recently recorded by these artists.

"When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose" is the introduction to the carefully selected list of monthly song hits. With this is a charmingly sentimental ballad, "Sweet Kentucky Lady."

The song "When You're a Long, Long, Way from Home" is issued as an unusually fine piece of solo work by Henry Burr.

An entire light opera company has made a record of vocal gems from "Chin Chin," the musical comedy success.

Advt.

A Child's Memory of Daly

(Continued from page 140)

and I sat beside him at the table in my high chair relating in my childish prattle the days' events. My grandma had taught me a little poem which I recited for him as follows:

"Wee-member, love, wee-member,
Though 'ou and I may part;
Others may have my company,
But 'ou still have my heart."

Mr. Daly, who was in an unusually absent-minded mood, took a letter and pencil from his vest pocket, hastily scribbled something on the back of the envelope, and, with an affectionate pat on my cheek, departed for the theatre. That evening several members of my own family and Mrs. Daly were present in the box, when in response to the prolonged applause Mr. Daly came forward at the end of the last act. He made his conventional farewell speech, expressing gratitude to the audience on behalf of himself and his company, adding, at the last, that he felt he could not find more appropriate words in which to bid them "good-bye" than those of the verse taught him that day by a little child.

"Remember, oh, remember,
Though you and we may part;
Others may have our company,
But you still have our hearts."

FLORENCE V. PHELAN.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 111)

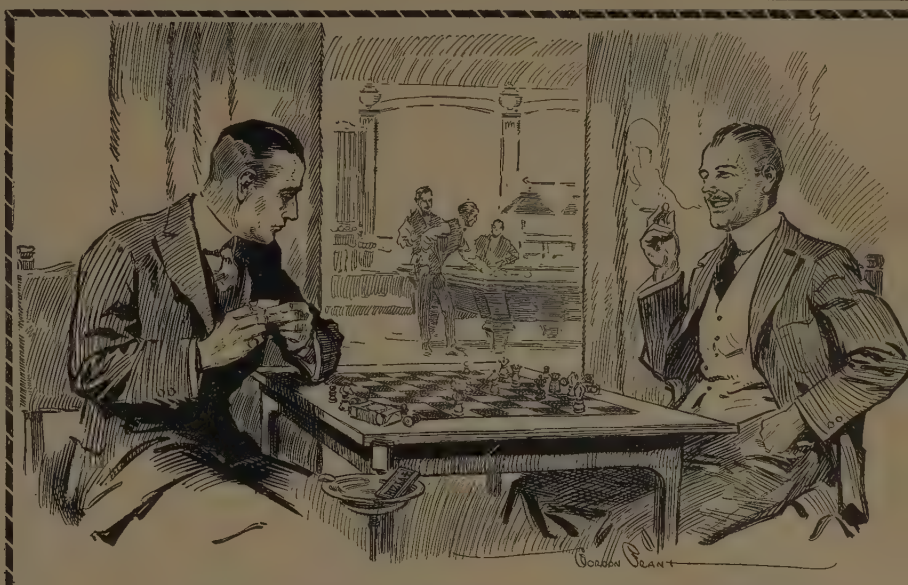
new variations in the eternal triangle theme. There are novel twists to his effort, but his technic is heavy, and unless subjected to such a radical revision, that it would amount to re-writing the entire play, "The Fallen Idol" does not suggest a very long life.

PRINCESS. "THE CRITIC." Play in three acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Revived on January 25th.

Good, wholesome fun was on tap at the Princess Theatre where B. Iden Payne and his English associates presented a revival of the immortal, "Critic." A favorite with undergraduate dramatic societies it is a good quarter of a century since its last professional production at Daly's. Its humor wears well. Sheridan's satirical exposition of the vagaries of the theatrical profession, written in 1779, are as witty to-day in their trenchant application as though he had collaborated with James Forbes in the composition of "The Show Shop." For "The Critic" shows the trials and tribulations of a harassed playwright at the dress rehearsal of the favorite child of his brain. In the rôle of Puff, the original purveyor of publicity and the author of "The Spanish Armada" that cannot be seen because it is not in sight, Mr. Payne gives it the light and airy touch so associated with the finished art of Charles Matthews, Lester Wallack and other giants of the past. Mr. Payne also staged the piece which showed him a director of fertile ingenuity, humorous resource and applied accomplishment. Its broad humor was skilfully developed for its full value, although it might well be urged that an abridgment of some of the text would considerably help the action. That it pleased was fully attested by the sincerity of the laughter which greeted its spirited movement and its wit besparkled dialogue.

COMEDY. "THE WHITE FEATHER." Play in three acts by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. Produced on February 5th.

It is possible—barely possible—that in an audience composed entirely of Germans "The White Feather" might arouse patriotic resentment, but to the neutral mind it is harmless in its impressions, and entertaining in spite of inconsistencies and impossible incidents, with its frank theatricalism. It concerns the present war, its subject and material having to do with the German spy system in England. The spy in war has never been regarded as a despicable character. We have a monument in the City Hall Park devoted to the memory of one. Two of the spies are shot, one, the servant in the seaside boarding house, unofficially, and the other, a likeable chap of good appearance in family, is finally led out to formal execution after having shaken hands with his captor, who lays aside partisan feeling to "shake hands with a brave man." The play is interesting



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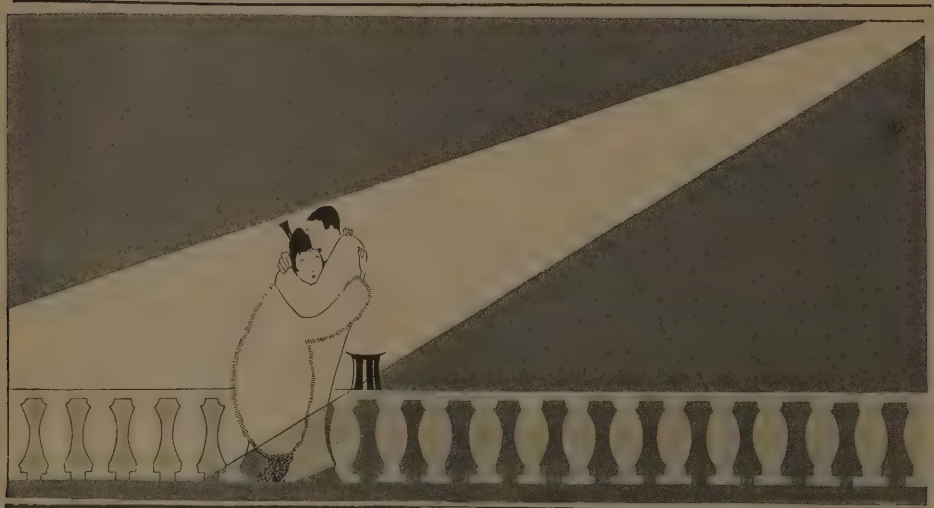

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EVIDENTLY Vanity Fair is printed for persons who prefer orchids to tuberoses, know more about polo than croquet, and learn to do the latest dance about a month before the dance becomes popular.
George Ade.

IN these hard times it is the only magazine I buy. *Marie Doro.*

I THINK that you chaps have stumbled on a really good idea, namely, to interest your readers by treating of the subjects which they discuss at clubs, cafes, dinner and dances.
W. A. Rogers.

TO speak frankly, there is something of true style about Vanity Fair, some thing at once light, entertaining and well-bred. It makes a note in American journalism that I should very much miss.
Bliss Carman.

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whether you take the characters seriously or not. The opposing people would discover each other, in actual life, long before they do. But this is a play. The Government agent has a cane which conceals a rifle. With it he shoots a carrier pigeon, takes from it the little message and substitutes a scroll of his own. A dictograph is used, or supposed to be used. The Government Agent flashes a signal to the German submarines in the harbor prematurely, anticipating the plan of the spies. A contrivance is brought in by which the house was to be blown up and set afire as a beacon, while the spies were to escape in an automobile. The gallant young spy finally sees, what he should have seen earlier, that the silly-appearing idler is really a man of force in his pursuit. There is some gun play, with the customary trick of the possession and re-possession of pistols. The Government man's sweetheart, about to break with him, is made happy by discovering why he remains at home. The piece is well played, particularly the detective by Leslie Faber. Jessie Glendenning, as the sweetheart, with her appealing charm, should alone be enough to reconcile anybody to accept the play.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE RENTED EARL." Play in three acts by Salisbury Field. Produced on February 8th.

This farce is childish in its ingenuousness, juvenile in its construction, and ridiculously inadequate in its depiction of character. It evokes some laughs but they proceed from basic principles. In any likeness to humanity the author's most successful picture is the slangy booking agent, who, unknown to his principal, rents out the Earl for a consideration. In this part Albert Brown is nasally energetic and briskly buoyant. As nothing which ever had its prototype in Burke's Peerage, Lawrence D'Orsay as the Earl of Carmondale plays his familiar haw! haw! self. Only more so. Of truth shading or delicacy there is not a tittle. Teresa Maxwell-Conover shows a happy finished style in her rendering of an almost ridiculous part. Douglas J. Wood is not so successful as a drawing room Machiavelli. Alice Lindahl as the heroine and Olive Templeton as a friend seem to be very nice young women.

KNICKERBOCKER. "90 IN THE SHADE." Comic opera in two acts. Book by Guy Bolton, music by Jerome Kern, dances and ensembles by Julian Alfred. Produced on January 25th.

"90 in the Shade" serves its purpose, useful enough, in entertaining the public. With the usual features of comic opera it has a particular and almost independent right to existence in having in it Marie Cahill and Richard Carle. Among the stage people who superimpose their personality on the character they impersonate, there is none with a more distinctive personality than Marie Cahill. She has tricks of the hands, expressions in movement, gesture, intelligence in the quick eye and humor by so many means of expression, that she is herself, something unusual, something delightful, and is effective in proportion to what the character gives her in return for what she gives it. The story of the opera, like nearly all such stories, is something of a makeshift, but it affords scenes and diversion. That the geography of it is in the Philippines gives the needed picturesqueness in scenery, costume and character. An American girl goes there to marry a man to whom she is engaged. This man had been very free in his attentions to the native girls, who presently become very jealous of him. The Captain of a smuggling vessel comes along and diverts the design and affections of the American girl. A fierce Philippino, a native of some authority, interferes and wants the American girl for himself. The complications are easily discernible. The opera has the merit of having less than the customary physical display. Its discrete choruses are nevertheless spirited, graceful and tuneful. Many of the songs are adapted to popularity. There are a few subordinate characters so individualized as to give opportunities for the players.

HIPPODROME. The New York Hippodrome has inaugurated a new policy this year by presenting an old-fashioned circus instead of the spectacular entertainment as heretofore. There are clowns of every variety, magnificent pageants and every attraction and side show dear to the heart of the late P. T. Barnum. Among the acts which delight the heart were the Picchianis in a bounding act; the Stanley Brothers, who performed in huge rings far aloft; the Sterlings in a wire act; and James Hardy, the bicycle rider—all entertainments that will please the adult and juvenile theatre-goer.

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THE STORY OF THE CASTLES

(*Continued from page* 115)

of them—Vernon especially—received good notices in the Parisian journals they were anything but happy. Some kind friend and instrument of fate invited them to supper at the Café de Paris. Dainty dressing is imperative there, and of Irene's wardrobe nothing fresh remained but her wedding gown. Donning that, she, and her always immaculate husband, sallied forth with empty pockets and stomachs to what was to prove the turning point in their career.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle's home at Manhasset, Long Island

Someone who had seen them do their "turn" in the *"Revue,"* and who suspected them capable of still better things, asked them to dance. Monsieur Louis, the manager, gave his permission, and tucking up her train and with their hearts in their mouths they began their first *cabaret* dance. It must have been very different from what they can do now, but it pleased, and the guests applauded. A waiter brought a hundred franc note to Vernon, with a request from a bearded Russian to dance again. His gentlemanly instincts shocked, Vernon was about to send it back with the statement that they would be charmed to dance again for the gentleman for nothing, when the more practical wife gave him a pinch under the table and reminded him that she was tired of fried eggs if he wasn't, and if he didn't swallow his pride and keep that twenty dollars she would never speak to him again. Whether it was the reminder of the eggs or the threat, the result was a gracious smile to the Russian, and they danced again, throwing in an extra step or two for the tip. Monsieur Louis was so delighted at their success that he made them an offer then and there, and, at what seemed to them a princely salary, they became regular dancers at the supper hour at the Café de Paris. Dear Monsieur Louis! He certainly has been a kind friend to my children and I shall always be grateful to him, whom I know, and to the "bearded Russian" whom I do not know, for setting their feet on the path that has led them to fame.

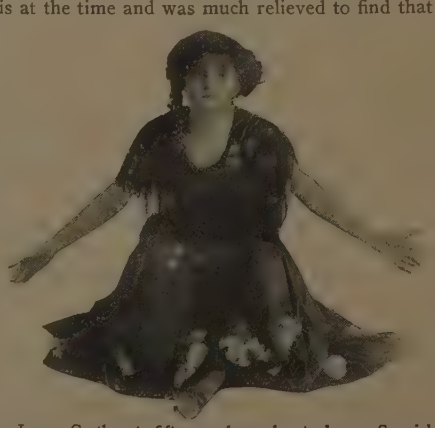
Irene Castle at the age of ten when she appeared in a "pony ballet" at a benefit

Dr. Foote and I had just begun to get encouraging letters about their affairs and he was wondering if any of his dreams of Irene as a "success" were coming true when my poor husband died, and our happiness was clouded for a while. The doctor hated all evidence of mourning and had insisted that all things should go on after his death as before.

The fame of the Castles spread, and private drawing rooms were opened to them. They went over to England for two weeks and were kept very busy doing their American dances for private entertainments. Upon their return to New York they signed a contract with Charles Dillingham to appear in "The Lady and the Slipper." Vernon's part in this was a very poor one—Irene's also—and Mr. Dillingham kindly released them for the time.

Then in Louis Martin's Café on Broadway they began just such as successful a season as they had in Paris. Dancing there every night for supper and private soirées was not enough to satisfy Vernon, and he began giving lessons. He proved to be a wonderfully clever teacher, and made an impression on the style of dancing that everyone has reason to be grateful for. In the midst of that winter came "The Sunshine Girl," and its splendid success. They danced in that until the weather got warm and Irene wilted in it, as she always does in the heat. She could not get the management to promise a near date for closing, and feeling worn and sick she finally flatly refused to dance another step, and did what she had threatened to do—engaged her passage for Europe. Vernon was far too conscientious for that, and remained two weeks longer, patiently drilling a man to take his place.

I believe it was the fact of this trip, taken across the ocean on separate steamers, that gave rise to the rumor that "the Castles are separated all but legally." I was in Paris at the time and was much relieved to find that the ocean voyage had given Irene a good rest. A little later we were joined by Vernon and again they began dancing for Monsieur Louis at the Café de Paris. Even greater success was theirs then, but soon after the races, Irene suffered considerably with a re-occurrence of the trouble she had in New York. A contract for the Deauville season in August was important, and after much family and many professional consultations it was decided to enter a private hospital in Paris and be operated on by a noted French specialist. That period is still a nightmare to all of us, and only a strong constitution and good nursing brought my "little girl" out comparatively well and strong enough for the Deauville season. A series of teas at the Pré Catelan in Paris wound up a season of wonderful success, artistically and financially.



Irene Castle at fifteen when she took up Spanish dancing and gave imitations of Lotta Faust

While in Paris, Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Miss Elizabeth Marbury had been interested and active in furtherance of the Vernon Castles' success, and, upon their return to New York, Miss de Wolfe helped materially to make a "go" of the restaurant which Vernon was to open by decorating it in her inimitable style, and Miss Marbury saw possibilities in their future far beyond what had been their ambition. Their installation at the head of Castle House followed, and under the guiding hand of one of the cleverest of business women their affairs have prospered.

This winter they have worked still harder and their vogue is greater than ever. In the musical comedy, "Watch Your Step," at the New Amsterdam, they dance at each of the eight performances, and are one of the chief features of the production. A night club to be called the Castle Club, is now being organized, which will meet at two o'clock A.M., and carry their Terpsichorean efforts well into dawn. And lest their consciences accuse them of indolence, the pair, as indefatigable as graceful, dance at tea time on the theatre roof dedicated to their use. On matinée days, then, the four dances at each performance of the play aggregate eight. The Castles in the Air add four more to the number, to which a pair or more of dances at tea time add two. Thus the daily dances of the Vernon Castles are sure to be ten. On matinée days they will certainly be fourteen. In less than two years they have danced themselves into an annual income that they themselves find it hard to compute, but that considerably exceeds that of the President of the United States. Indubitably the goal of Irene Castle's ambition is accomplished. Three years ago she said "I hope the dancing rage will have five years of life. I shall retire when I am twenty-five, and live in the country. I shall have children and we will live the life of a country gentleman and his family. I shall have all the outdoor life I want and all the dogs and horses." Already the strenuous life of dancing from noon to dawn is relieved by every seventh day spent in their home in the country. That home is at Manhasset, on Long Island. But the most popular dancing pair in America dwell not on its spacious beauty, its nearness to Long Island Sound, but on the fact that it has enough kennels for their twenty-four dogs and sufficient stable space for their five horses.

Even at the hospital for her four days' detention, Mrs. Castle had a wee, long-haired, bead-eyed canine named Wallops, the name much larger and more formidable than its possessor, for companion. True, the hospital rules forbid the presence of dogs. But Mr. Castle smuggled tiny Wallops thither under his coat, and Mrs. Castle's smiles and pleadings secured an extension of the presence of her friend and comforter.

This is the story of Vernon and Irene Castle, the first who built substantial Castles in the Air.

A Flashlight Interview with Lady Duff Gordon on Fashions for the Stage by a Mere Man

© Ira L.Hill

Lady Duff Gordon

LADY DUFF GORDON: "You find me taking my five o'clock tea, old English fashion—but come right in. THE THEATRE MAGAZINE? what a lovely magazine!"

MERE MAN: .....

LADY DUFF GORDON: "I understand that you have an article on Mrs. Vernon Castle in your next number—and, of course, you want to see the gowns I am making for her—charming artist! And how beautifully she wears her gowns—I love to work for her. I am making three new gowns, one of pussy willow black and white silk, a white net dress, and one of pink maline."

MERE MAN: .....

LADY DUFF GORDON: "What do you think of this wide skirt? Quite a novelty—a friend of mine landed from Europe and had a gown made by one of the leading couturiers of Paris, and she says the dresses still cling.

"Do you remember the pictures of Marie Antoinette?"

MERE MAN: "I certainly do."

LADY DUFF GORDON: "Is not this dress a reminder of those days?"

MERE MAN: .....

LADY DUFF GORDON: "Do you also remember that some twenty years ago they used to call the dress 'à l'Anglaise'? Now this style is purely 'à l'Américaine.' I do think American women are perfectly lovely—they are more than attractive."

MERE MAN: .....

LADY DUFF GORDON: "Let me look at that number of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. What a stunning picture of Elsie Macray! I don't know her but I should love to make a dress for her, her face is so inspiring. Florence Walton—she is also a dear. Frieda Hempel, of the Metropolitan—I've just made some gowns for her."

MERE MAN: .....

LADY DUFF GORDON: "I wish I might entertain you longer, but here I am, pulled at all sides!" (This remark was followed by the entrance of several assistants)—"Is this dress finished, Lady Duff Gordon?"—"Please, Lady Gordon, we would like your attention just a moment."

LADY DUFF GORDON: "In this country one must certainly rush—I am going to finish the three gowns for Mrs. Vernon Castle, and I want to see them first in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE before anywhere else!"

MERE MAN: Gracefully bows.

Exit.

To the Woman who reads The Theatre Magazine

SO MANY requests have been received from our readers to show, as we have done in the past, the latest creations seen on the stage, and around the stage, that with this issue we are presenting a new FASHION DEPARTMENT, a regular feature hereafter, so enlarged as to please you.

Everybody knows that half of stageland is clothes—without beautiful women and their gorgeous gowns, what would our stage be?

The beautiful creations that are so closely followed by the well-dressed woman are first seen on the stage.

Without fear of contradiction, we may state that for centuries the Paris stage has always dictated fashion to the world. Inspired by what has been done abroad, American actresses are to-day surpassing in this respect what their European sisters have done in the past.

It is not our intention merely to show the gowns, but everything that helps to adorn women—the latest millinery, the newest silk, the dainty slipper, the fetching négligée, the up-to-date coiffure, all of which are first brought out on the stage.

It is the aim of the Fashion Department of the THEATRE MAGAZINE *to supply you with these interesting notes, which we know you will welcome.*

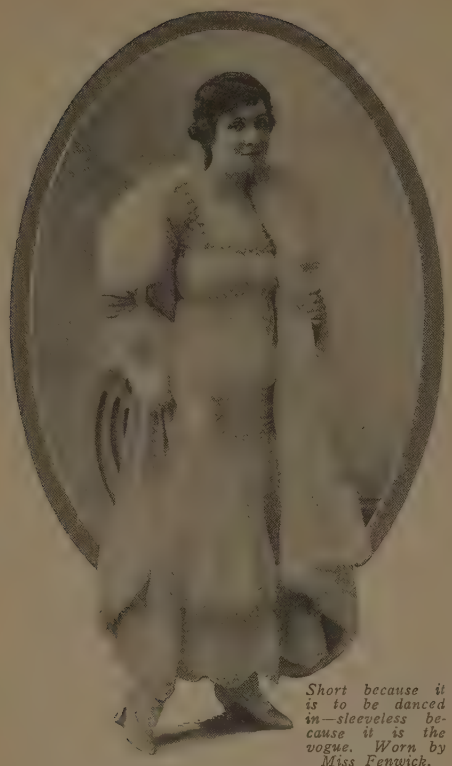
American Couturiers rival to-day the greatest in Europe. True, their suggestions come from abroad, but so modified as to be original creations, that appeal to American women.

The American sense of adaptation is so clever that often exact counterparts of these beautiful gowns are to be seen in the leading shops of the city, at prices to suit a more moderate purse than that of the popular actress. But the question is, where can they be found? We know and we will tell you.

We think this addition to our Fashion Department will please those women who appreciate correct style news, and we would like to know what YOU think about it. Watch our Fashion Department. Criticize it to your heart's content—be the Editor pro tem. each time you read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *and give us your really true idea of what the Fashion Department should be to satisfy YOU.*

THE PUBLISHERS.

Clothes Seen On The Stage



Short because it is to be danced in—sleeveless because it is the vogue. Worn by Miss Fenwick.

CLOTHES are essentially a source of interest to all women. The viewpoint may be economy, but this does not prelude the possibility of it being beauty as well. The two go hand in hand if one has individuality and the power of expression.

No longer can one argue that woman's mere love of clothes—fads and fancies—is responsible for this omnipresent, ever-growing interest. Women are learning the secret of good dressing—what to take and what to reject in the fashions that come with each new season.

The stage is a potent factor in the situation. Almost all of the most beautiful fashions have been born on the stage; conceived in the workrooms of world renowned artists, new modes make their first public appearance before the footlights to live or to die as it pleases the feminine fancy of a metropolitan audience and, then, that all important personage, the manufacturer, has always a finger in the pie.

Sometimes the designer of "play" clothes works out the individuality of the actress and sometimes expresses the temperament of the character she takes, but, the result is always the same, an artistic whole expressive of the person herself and her taste.

Gray and soft clinging—a charmingly quaint house-gown.

YOUR INDIVIDUALITY

Looking over the plays of the hour one finds a striking example of personal expression in the clothes of Miss Irene Fenwick in the "Song of Songs." Youthful beauty, charm and artistic temperament are delightfully expressed in Miss Fenwick's dresses. One seldom finds such equal good taste and charm in a single play.

The dramatic artist is generally a clothes artist. She picks from the best this country and Europe has to offer and, unafraid of public opinion because she so often guides it, varies or modifies them to her own ideals, thus giving to the public an object lesson and a foundation for good dressing.

Harking back to Miss Fenwick's wardrobe we find a delightful, refreshing simplicity in her first gown. The color is gray and the material Lunette, a soft chiffon-like fabric that falls and drapes itself gracefully about the figure. The straight skirt hangs from a simple empire bodice draped with a soft fichu of the same material. Color, material and line go toward the making of a most effective whole. But one cannot always be a Miss Fenwick and wear a Fenwick gown. But, an adaptation of it? Oh, yes—here comes the opportunity for individual expression. Take this same model, develop it in another color, other material, vary it in line to suit your own style and it will be as successful as Miss Fenwick's simple frock.

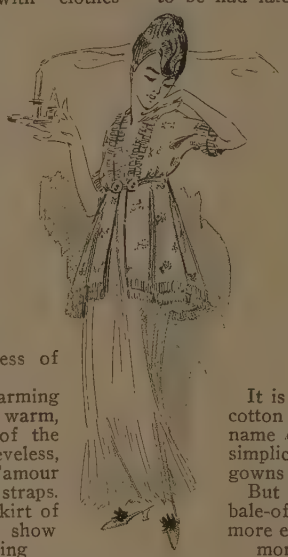
Going the round of the shops I found a very clever adaptation of this empire model at Franklin Simon & Co.—in several colors and materials, ranging in price from $9.75 upward according to quality and elaborateness.

A SLEEVELESS DANCE FROCK

Clever designers of women's ready-to-wear garments watch the new plays with "clothes" finding new material for models salable in metropolitan shops. And why?—simply because the playgoer is being educated, unconsciously, to look for the fashions that come to her across the footlights.

One well-known actress on the American stage says: "I do my best work only when unconscious of my clothes, and to be absolutely unconscious of one's clothes is to be perfectly dressed. There is no egotism on my part, I assure you, when I make this statement. My idea is simply the outer expression of the inner self. I must forget my clothes in order to take my part with utter unconsciousness of self."

Miss Fenwick wears another charming frock in one of the new pinks, a warm, delicate shade that reminds one of the lining of a sea shell. Being sleeveless, the draped bodice of pink satin d'amour is supported by narrow shoulder straps. The three flounce skirt of pink net, short, to show the pretty, fetching footwear, makes a dress particularly well suited to her slender, youthful figure.



Over a frilly soft pink skirt, a dainty ruffled flowered silk jacket. A négligée worn by Miss Fenwick in the "Song of Songs" that is as dainty as it is out of the ordinary.

At Lord & Taylor's I saw a similar model for $37.50 in white and several delicate colors.

Various shops are showing interesting adaptations of this model at fascinating prices. Especially attractive are those models in the new silks of plain and fanciful designs labeled "Spring Fabrics." Soft taffetas aptly described as peach blow, have a delicious coloring that would be becoming to any woman. The new soft greens with a silvery cast, the blues with this same metallic glint—one scarcely knows which to select—these, or the exquisite pompadour effects that conjure a vivid mental picture of old prints and paintings. On another page I have illustrated the most beautiful of these luscious silks, the exquisite pussy willow.

Still another dress with which Miss Fenwick graces her new play is an afternoon costume of blue faille. The skirt is cut with a train starting at the sides below a soft drapery, an effective means of showing the wearer's smart footwear. Over the empire bodice with long blue net sleeves is a coatee of the same blue net. A hat of medium size in net and satin is a fitting accessory.

THE FAVOR SHOWN SILVER AND GOLD

The tendency toward metallic effects in laces, nets and trimmings is effectively exemplified in a gown of white net with empire drapery falling to the hips where it meets the skirt of double silver flounces. A sash of wide silver ribbon matches the shoulder straps in narrow width. The ensemble is beautiful in its simplicity.

The prices marking the retailer's adaptations of these stage models make them more than interesting. One may purchase a delectable peach pink Taffetango dress trimmed with French blue velvet ribbon at B. Altman & Co., for $37.50. Taffetango is a most exquisite silk made by B. Haas & Co., and is the exact material for a little afternoon or a simple dancing frock.

For $25.00 one can have a dainty frock of net and lace, exquisite in its airiness and carrying a touch of delicate color in its trimming. Best & Co. show a creditable collection of such models at prices consistent with quality and workmanship and in many beautiful color contrasts.

WHAT WE HAVE MADE OF COTTON

I want to say just a passing word about the new cottoms. As yet they are meant for southern wear since it is still to early for the wearing of these pretty novelties at home, despite the openness of our northern winter. But early buying gives one the advantage in selection not to be had later in the year. One unusually attractive dress made for southern wear is of tan cotton voile having a fancy lace stripe. The bodice of matching satin shows a connecting link with the voile skirt—short and full to be sure—in the hip trimming of satin piping set on in military design.

Pompadour effects are appearing in cottons as well as silks. What picturesque dressing the summer will bring forth—flower sprigged materials, old-fashioned striped and checked silks—full skirts and short—tiny hats—short handled, small parasols—a veritable picture of by-gone days.

CLOTHES SEEN ON THE STAGE

It is not to be understood that the new cotton materials will be cheap ones. The name cotton usually makes one think of simplicity and low price. Our childhood gowns of cotton were never expensive.

But this year—following the "buy-a-bale-of-cotton" idea—cotton materials are more elaborate than ever and consequently more expensive.

Many wonderful and elaborate patterns are to be found in cotton that quite match the beauty of silks and in some instances surpass them.

Slim trellises of colored vines on sheer cotton voiles of white or contrasting shades—many beautiful bordered cottons and countless little flower sprigged designs that are prime favorites combined with plain silks of a contrasting color note.

Perhaps one of the prettiest spring dresses seen was made with a full skirt of pale pink voile topped with a black taffeta bodice pointed in front and held over the shoulders with narrow straps of black velvet. And of all dainty things there is no daintier than a little dress made up of flounces of simple fine white batiste. For wear with wide garden hats or the little old-fashioned round hats so quaintly trimmed with the old-time flowers and long ribbon streamers.

A gown of Miss Fenwick's seen in the "Song of Songs" that shows much of the silver so greatly favored by fashion.

ANOTHER CELEBRITY FROM ABROAD

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN
(From etching by Helleu)

From out of the clash and crash of arms Europe continues to send us her greatest performers,—artistes, thinkers, writers, musicians.

Now another has come from abroad crowned with the laurel of achievement, acclaimed as the foremost exponent of her art,—an artiste who has proven her faith by her works,

MADAME HELENA RUBINSTEIN,

Beauty Culturist.

Queens and princesses confide their beauty to her keeping. Celebrated artistes seek her help to retain the beauty that means continued success in their careers. For years the beautiful women of America have gone to London and Paris for the unusual facial treatments that have made famous her houses in Mayfair and in the Rue Saint Honoré, known as the

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ VALAZE

With the European war rendering travel difficult, Madame Helena Rubinstein has decided to extend her activity to the United States and has opened salons in New York, which rival in luxury and perfection of equipment her famous salons in London and Paris.

The atmosphere in these salons is unique. The quaint furniture, the unusual colorings, the inviting luxury of the private parlors, prove that beauty in every form is the aim of Madame Rubinstein's existence.

One of the most beautiful women of France, Mme. Jeanne Faber of the Comédie Française speaks of the "wizardry" of Madame Rubinstein's work, and America is fortunate in having her now as a part of its professional life.

Here at last you may have the treatments and preparations specially devised to suit the needs of your own case. Every appliance that science has devised for beautifying a woman's face is here at your disposal.

But if it is not possible for you to visit Madame Rubinstein in person, she will be glad to have you write her about the condition of your complexion, and will advise the creams and lotions necessary to keep it in perfect condition.

Madame Rubinstein has no cure-alls to offer, but there is one amongst her famous specialties for home treatment which has such a rare beautifying and improving effect on the complexion and its blemishes, that people who use it regard it as a veritable panacea. VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD is the name of this preparation which revitalises the most seemingly lifeless complexion, laying down for it a new foundation in the skin itself, so that it has no inducement to blotch or become muddy and sallow.

That pearly complexion which comes from unmistaken skin-health under perfect treatment is the kind which Valaze brings into being and maintains unimpaired. Such is the unanimous opinion of all consistent users of Valaze.

To give hurriedly but two examples chosen at random: London's great artiste, Miss Gladys Cooper, whose Madonna face represents a type of English beauty touching upon the ideal, wrote to Mme. Rubinstein: *"My advice to those who desire Beauty is—Use Valaze."*

And our own famous Ruler in the Empire of Beauty, Miss Maxine Elliott, wrote sometime before the outbreak of the war: *"Ask me to spell Beauty and I shall write V-a-l-a-z-e. So must every other woman who has used this fascinating specialty."*

Valaze is a beauty-product used by those who KNOW what they want and why!

Madame Rubinstein's Secretary will forward Valaze Beautifying Skinfood on receipt of $1.25, $2.25 or $6.00 for a pot of one of the three respective sizes, and will include free of charge a copy of her well-known booklet on the Cult of Beauty, entitled "Beauty in the Making," from the original French *"Comment se fait la Beauté."*

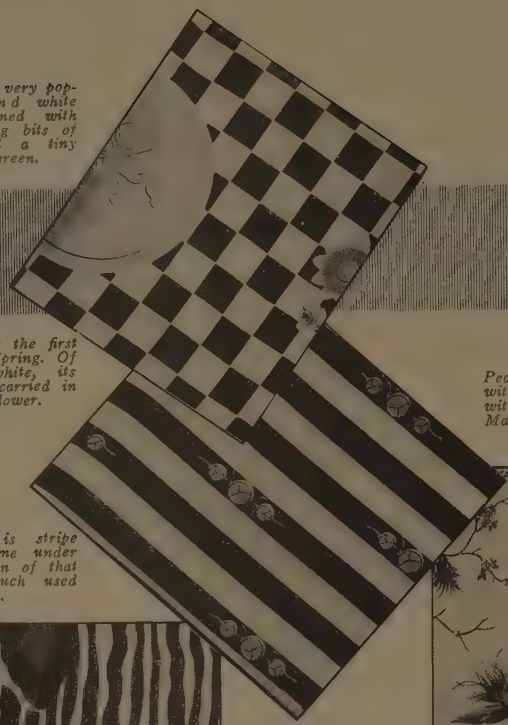
15 East 49th Street
NEW YORK

24 Grafton Street
London, W.

255 Rue Saint Honoré
Paris

The New Silks and their Very New Patterns

The smart and very popular black and white checks, patterned with figures, showing bits of old blue and a tiny fleck of green.

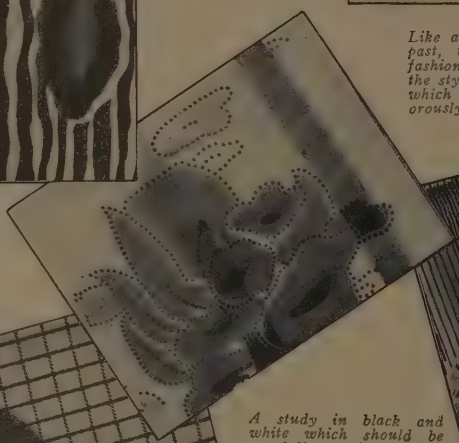


A favorite for the first silk dress for Spring. Of black and white, its color note is carried in the tiny flower.

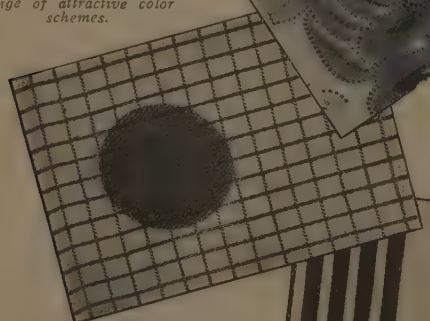
Peacocks and parrots and many other gorgeous hued birds of the tropics are with us this Spring. The various colors of the birds change to harmonize with the different colored backgrounds in which this silk may be obtained. Many stunning wraps and jackets have been seen with a lining of this extraordinarily beautiful silk as contrast to their own single color tone.

This design is stripe enough to come under the classification of that smart and much used design.

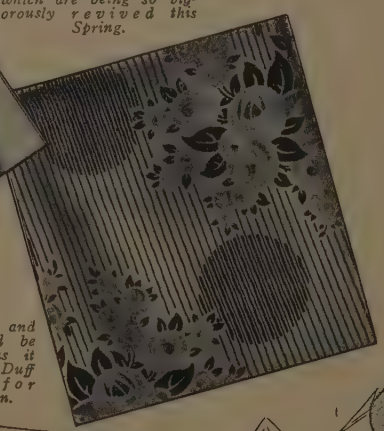
Like a whisper from the past, these queer old-fashioned posies suggest the styles of bygone days which are being so vigorously revived this Spring.



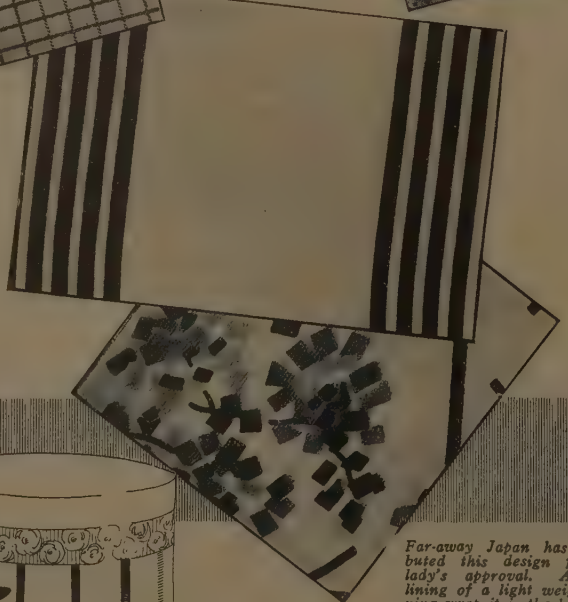
The modern pompadour only carries a suggestion of a flower in its queer conventionalized figures. The background being striped in different colors offers a wide range of attractive color schemes.



A study in black and white which should be carefully studied as it is one of Lady Duff Gordon's favorites for this coming season.



Upon a putty colored background—an open check design with a silhouette polka dot. H. R. Mallinson & Co. have introduced this design as one of their best for the street gown of silk.



Far-away Japan has contributed this design for Milady's approval. As the lining of a light weight evening wrap it is the last word in ultra smartness.

Pussy Willow

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Pussy Willow model by Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile) posed exclusively for Theatre Magazine by Mrs. Vernon Castle. Mrs. Castle says that "Qualité Silks are delightful in design and particularly adaptable for dancing." They combine strength and sheerness to a most remarkable degree.

Photo Copy't Ira L. Hill

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY

Formerly M. C. MIGEL & CO. NEW YORK and PARIS

Accessories to Correct Style

NOTHING new under the sun," runs the old adage, but one surely has never known anything just like the many novelties in undergarments the shops are showing for the springtime.

Looking backward over the various periods of fashion one may stop at the Napoleonic era, finding there the nearest approach to the garments of the present day. The same fineness of design and the same beauty.

What is more charming than the simple chemise of finest linen devoid of ornamentation, its simple perfect shaping being its chief charm. To-day a similar model is exploited by a well-known Parisian house and copied in America by clever fingers. Such garments are entirely hand sewn. The very prettiest of these chemises are of white handkerchief linen with narrow colored bindings of the same materials in a delicate color. Hair line stripes are sometimes used in the trimming. There are little pantelettes that match in material and trimming, some quite plain while others are gathered at the knee and scalloped at the edge.

NEW THINGS IN UNDERGARMENTS

But whoever heard of such a garment as the envelope chemise? And where does history tell anything of such accessories to figure-making and bodily comfort as the brassiere and the various confiners that support and mould the figure to the true lines of grace.

A gown of excellent line from B. Altman & Co.

Speaking of these particular accessories reminds me of a new bust confiner for evening wear, one of many new ideas, but quite the best design I have yet seen. Fashioned like a girdle of fine nainsook, it is shaped over the bust and pointed on either side to meet the shoulder straps of ribbon. It narrows into a shallow belt under the arms and fastens at the back. The ribbon shoulder straps meet in the center of the belt at the back holding the garment snug and permitting the wearing of an extremely low-cut gown.

Woman's natural love for the dainty immediate garments of her toilette is responsible for the present day undergarments. She is always ready to accept the newest and latest novelty that fashion gives her, but along with this readiness to accept new ideas, goes a keen buying sense—an appreciation of good materials and fine workmanship.

Experience tells her where she can shop most advantageously, secure in the knowledge that in this or that shop she is sure of a perfection of finish and quality of materials not to be questioned.

PETTICOATS AND CORSETS

Crêpe de chine stands at the head of the list of materials for every style of undergarment woman wears. Following this, come milanese or glove silk, pussy willow taffetas and lingerie fabrics, all of which are developed more or less elaborately with lace and embroidery. Even chiffon has its place of favoritism, perishable and impracticable as it is.

So great is the vogue of the soft pinks that many models are not to be had in anything but this warm color. Even white is for the time being relegated to second choice. Pink cotton voile with a white embroidered dot finds a charming use on the new nightgowns trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pink ribbons.

Petticoats are back on the fashion roster. Wider skirts—then why not petticoats—and already I find any number of good models for street as well as evening wear. One really excellent model is gored to the knees and from there springs outward in a circular flounce and is trimmed to various degrees of elaborateness according to price.

Two bands of lace bound with moiré ribbon is the only trimming of this pink crêpe de chine corset cover from Bonwit Teller. The lace bands, however, are only attached at the top.

From James McCreery & Co., come bloomers that do not end at the knee, but are gathered there and then spring full and frilly, cleverly taking the place of a petticoat.

And now that all important garment—the corset. Women have learned a lot about corseting in recent years. Who that knows the comfort and freedom of the corset of soft, pliant, elastic material with little or no boning would return to the discomfort of the oldtime "stays." Certain types of figures must of necessity remain true to the well-boned models of coutil, batiste and similar materials, depending on perfection of cut and boning for ease and grace, while others need only the support of a well-shaped corset of an elastic material that moulds without restraint, giving the correct and artistic Grecian line.

Miss Chrystal Herne, now appearing in "Polygamy," says this of a Bien Jolie model of Grecian Treco: "That it is correct in line and is sufficiently free of boning to afford the utmost comfort." The beautiful lines of this corset are particularly adapted to Miss Herne's graceful figure. One set of bones either side of the back eyelet bones gives a splendid back line and a back support. Other than these, and the front stay, it is quite boneless. Grecian Treco fabric comes in mercerized cotton as well as silk, a gratifying note to those of us who cannot afford the luxury of the silken weave.

This Bien Jolie model "correct in line" according to a popular young actress.

A circular petticoat from Best & Co., of crêpe de chine, is selling for $5.00

A pleasing discovery is the new flesh colored dress shield. It is a Kleinert Shield—in fact there are two Kleinert numbers for afternoon and evening wear that almost defy detection when set in the transparent net or chiffon sleeve. Every woman knows the value of a good dress shield, and any new idea contributing comfort and satisfaction to woman's dress is sure of ready acceptance.

STYLES AFOOT

Oxfords are back again, minus bows, with three and four invisible eyelets laced with fine cords. And tips have been revived. All sorts of combinations of colors and leathers are shown. Dark brown Russia Oxfords have white quarters of buckskin, patent leather combines with white and gray suède with dull black or tan.

Street slippers are extremely simple depending almost entirely on perfection of modelling for their attractiveness. While the jeweled buckle is still seen, there is a tendency toward the plain pump. Long vamps, Louis XV heels, satin, dull or patent leather, the tiniest buckle if any—these are the characteristics.

THE COLOR NOTE IN HOSIERY

In hosiery there is a gay note disporting itself in double clocks of contrasting color, two-tone boot effects that remind one of the fancy colored leather boots in old time musical comedies, and embroidered novelties that are very lovely, but that must harmonize with the costume of the wearer to be in the best of taste. A stocking with a plain upper set to a gay stripped sock is extra smart.

ON WITH THE DANCE

In spite of the hue and cry to the contrary, the world is still dancing, and many wonderful designs in hosiery have been created for under the short wide skirt. Beaded effects predominate with lace inserts running a close second. Sometimes the bead work is wonderfully embroidered on the instep, but the vogue for clocks has brought out plain and fancy clocking of beautiful scintillating beads.

A combination from Bonwit Teller of finest linen

Stockings in two tones, either the same color or contrasting shades are very new and pretty, and the shade Ombre effect is very smart indeed. One pair, especially of wonderful midnight blue at the toe becomes lighter and lighter until it ends in a silver top.

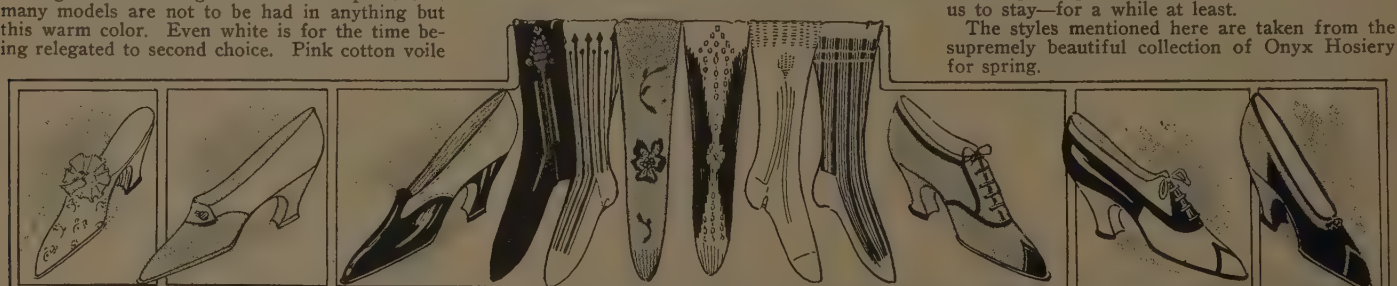
TO BE WORN WITH WHITE SHOES

Never before has the vogue for color been so keenly emphasized as this season. Even with white low heel sport shoes it is quite the proper thing to wear stockings that match the color note of the costume.

So soft and neutral are the newest shades in hosiery, that they will harmonize well with nearly any costume. Piping Rock Grey, Newport Tan, Tuxedo Brown, Arizona Silver, Rocky Mountain Blue, Delaware Peach, Oregon Green, Gettysburg Grey and Palm Beach Sand are the new color tones in hosiery.

Embellished with embroideries, encrusted with beads, inserted with bits of rare lace, or clocked, the many elaborate details of the stockings this season go to prove that the short skirt is with us to stay—for a while at least.

The styles mentioned here are taken from the supremely beautiful collection of Onyx Hosiery for spring.



A silken mull from J. & J. Slater, and two low shoes.

A two-toned low shoe of tan. One of the newest Spring Models.

The correct thing for afternoon wear.

In hosiery, as in gowns, black and white is well in the lead for spring and summer wear. Green clocks and elaborate green patterns on black hose and deep purple or navy blue stripes of various widths on white hose are favorites.

Grey buckskins and black kid ties from Hirsch & Co., as are the two models following.

White buckskin and Black Patent Leather.

Tan Kids and Black Patent Leather.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Silk

are acceptable at all seasons of the year, but never more so than in the glorious Spring time when the radiant color schemes of nature are duplicated.

Three "ONYX" qualities with the "POINTEX" Heel in Black and all the newest shades including:

Arizona Silver, Palm Beach Sand, Tuxedo Brown, Gettysburg Blue, Oregon Green, Rocky Mt. Blue, Piping Rock Grey, Newport Tan, Delaware Peach, and a host of others, are described.

"Pointex" Heel

No. 235
$1.00
Fine Silk with DUB-L Lisle garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe, medium weight.

No. 350
$1.50
Pure Silk, DUB-L wide garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe. Seasonable weight.

No. 106
$2.00
Medium weight, finest thread silk, DUB-L Silk garter top, triple extra spliced heel and toe.

"Pointex" Heel

Better qualities cannot be desired

You will find "Onyx," the quality hose, at all quality shops throughout America. If you have difficulty obtaining your exact requirements—let us help you!

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale *New York*

The call of the "Out of Doors" has been heard by Miss Dresser judging by her floppy garden hat and her preference in linens for open-air dining.

Her Household Linens

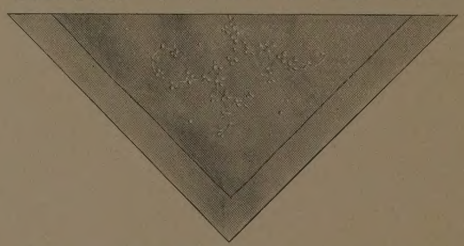
Through the Theatre Looking Glass to Louise Dresser's Home. A Word-Trip of Infinite Practical Value to the Easter Bride.

THE wonderful taste shown by Miss Louise Dresser in her selection of household linen is a splendid example of what any young housewife's linen closet should contain whether she be newly wedded or not. Miss Dresser does not come under the classification of "Easter Bride," but her taste, proven by her very beautiful home, is irreproachable. I centered my attention particularly upon the linens which she assured me were her favorites for Summer use for outdoor meals.

For the conveyance of hot muffins to the garden "breaky-table," there is a quaint table-plate doily of medium weight linen, finished with a crocheted picot edge and a simple wheat design embroidered on the outer side. It is a queer, many cornered affair, in which the rolls are folded envelop style, in order to keep them hot on their journey from kitchen to table.

Many of her tea cloths show insertions of the à jour work and some German linen ones were hand drawn in Saxony, but simplicity is the keynote of every design.

One of the more exclusive linen shops is showing two square cloths of unusual merit, that might easily live in tasteful harmony with Miss Dresser's beautiful linens. Shamrocks—of course of Irish embroidery—on a tea cloth of linen direct from the Emerald Isle is one design and the other of the ever lovely Madeira embroidery, which, while more elaborate still comes within the limit of excellent taste on the out-of-doors tea table. Plain scalloped napery is used with both.



That shamrocks should bloom on an Irish linen tea cloth is not strange, but the very low price at which Walpole Bros. are selling it is unusual.

THE LINENS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA—

The first heralds of Spring are the beginning of many feminine plans—the Easter Bride her future household while her already married sisters and her débutante sisters who are not yet thinking of weddings become intent on straw bonnets and lighter gowns.

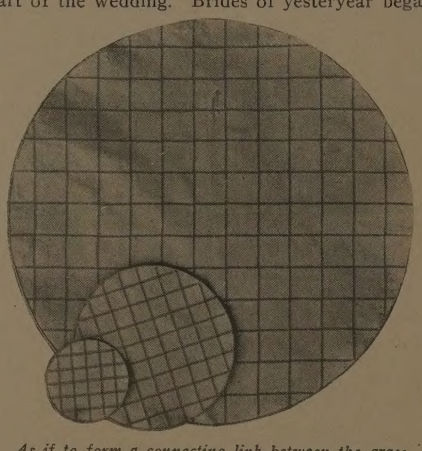
The little bride's planning, however, is somewhat heavier and more exacting. She must not only plan gowns and millinery, going away clothes and wedding finery, but all the other details that go to make her household equipment. One of the greatest fascinations is the acquiring of snowy piles of household linens, and a bride usually considers her linen closet the most attractive room in her house.

Dressing one's home for one's wedded life is certainly not a temporary affair such as dressing one's self for the wedding. It is a permanent thing that will mark you out for quite a time as a young matron of good or bad taste. So a great deal of deliberation and care is necessary in choosing the linens for a bride's new home and its pleasant surroundings.

Beautifully embroidered or lace encrusted linens, and especially the more practical plainer ones are chosen as a permanent part of one's future housekeeping. A suggestion of a charming luncheon goes with every dainty lunch cloth, and elaborate dinners are often planned on handsome damasks, even before they leave the shop.

A BRIDE'S TEA CLOTHS

Household linens have always been the most interesting and certainly not the least important part of the wedding. Brides of yesteryear began their sewing almost as soon as they could be taught to hold a needle properly, and many a girlish romance was tenderly stitched into neat, careful seams and trim hems. But the bride of today tangos gayly through her girlhood and usually relies on the smart linen shops or the wonderful linen departments of the big stores, when the time comes for serious thinking along this line.



As if to form a connecting link between the grass and trees and the out-of-doors breakfast table, this tan linen "rustic" cloth from Gebrüder Mosse is hemstitched and scalloped with green stitches.

She must choose simpler designs for a first installment. On account of their outdoor use, a smart distinction must be made between linens to be used for this purpose and those designed for the formal service of an elaborate dinner.

Tea in the arbor on a lace cloth is not only hard on the cloth, but it spoils the picture. Green grass and rustic furniture can harmonize only with the utmost simplicity of design and material.

"BREAKY"—OUT-OF-DOORS

A variety of good-looking cloths are designed for the very purpose of eating out-of-doors. The damask ones show a scalloped edge and either a plain script monogram or a more elaborate one centered in a sprayed broken wreath. Napkins may be obtained monogramed to match. Then there are sets of doilies—little ones for plates—the big sister of the plate doily as a centerpiece, and little baby doilies for under thin glasses.

The plate and glass doilies look good without any cloth, but are exceptionally nice on a heavy linen cloth in some dark neutral shade. The deep tones of gray, brown or green are all very lovely on a rustic table.

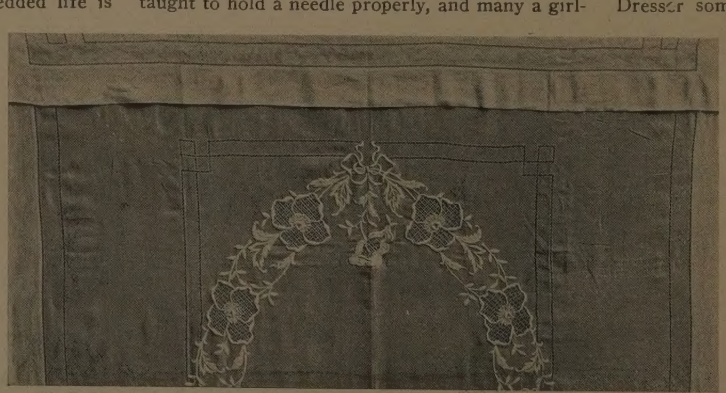
Heavy tan linen, neatly divided into hemstitched squares can be had in either a large round cloth or a lunch set of the different sized doilies in which the hemstitched squares are, of course, smaller. A pretty blue or green scalloped edge—an interesting bit of color introduced in the hemstitching—and you have a charming acquisition to the garden tea table. Scalloped to match, the napkins are very simple and do not show the hemstitched squares.

SLEEPING ON ROSE-LEAVES

Voile, silky, fine cobwebby voile, wonderfully embroidered and embellished with bits of filet or the newer à jour work, is Miss Dresser's choice for bed spreads. Her chief reason for this preference, apart from the daintiness and beauty of the fabric, is that it does not wrinkle.

However, whether linen wrinkles or not, Miss Dresser sometimes uses it in her bedrooms for its beauty alone. One of her own ideas—and an extremely original one it is—is to curtain her windows, Grecian fashion, with long strips of purest white linen, sometimes simply scalloped and at others carrying the color note of the room in their embroidered borders.

Queer little conventionalized rose vines twine a flowery path on a background of Saxony drawnwork and top a closely woven linen sheet. Pillow cases embroidered in the same design complete the set. As though they stepped from one of Kate Greenaway's books—prim little daisies and graceful blue bells almost nod their heads on some of the less elaborate bed sets.



Dainty and different is a voile bedspread from Gebrüder Mosse, on which drowsy wild poppies are formed of heavy embroidery and bits of cool-looking Saxony drawn work.

FLESH-COLOR DRESS-SHIELDS

EVEN IN A TRANSPARENT SLEEVE THEY ARE INVISIBLE

Kleinert's

FLESH-COLOR "FEATHERWEIGHT" DRESS-SHIELDS

Mrs. Vernon Castle Perfume

Cop'y Moffett

The Mrs. Vernon Castle Perfume is Rigaud's latest and most delightful creation.

It possesses a peculiar charm and excellence which impregnates the air with a mystericus and voluptuous fragrance "different" from anything else.

The packages are novel, rich and tasteful.

Sets of the Mrs. Vernon Castle Series, in a rich silk-lined box, contain the Extract, Toilet Water, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powders. Used as prizes at exhibition dances.

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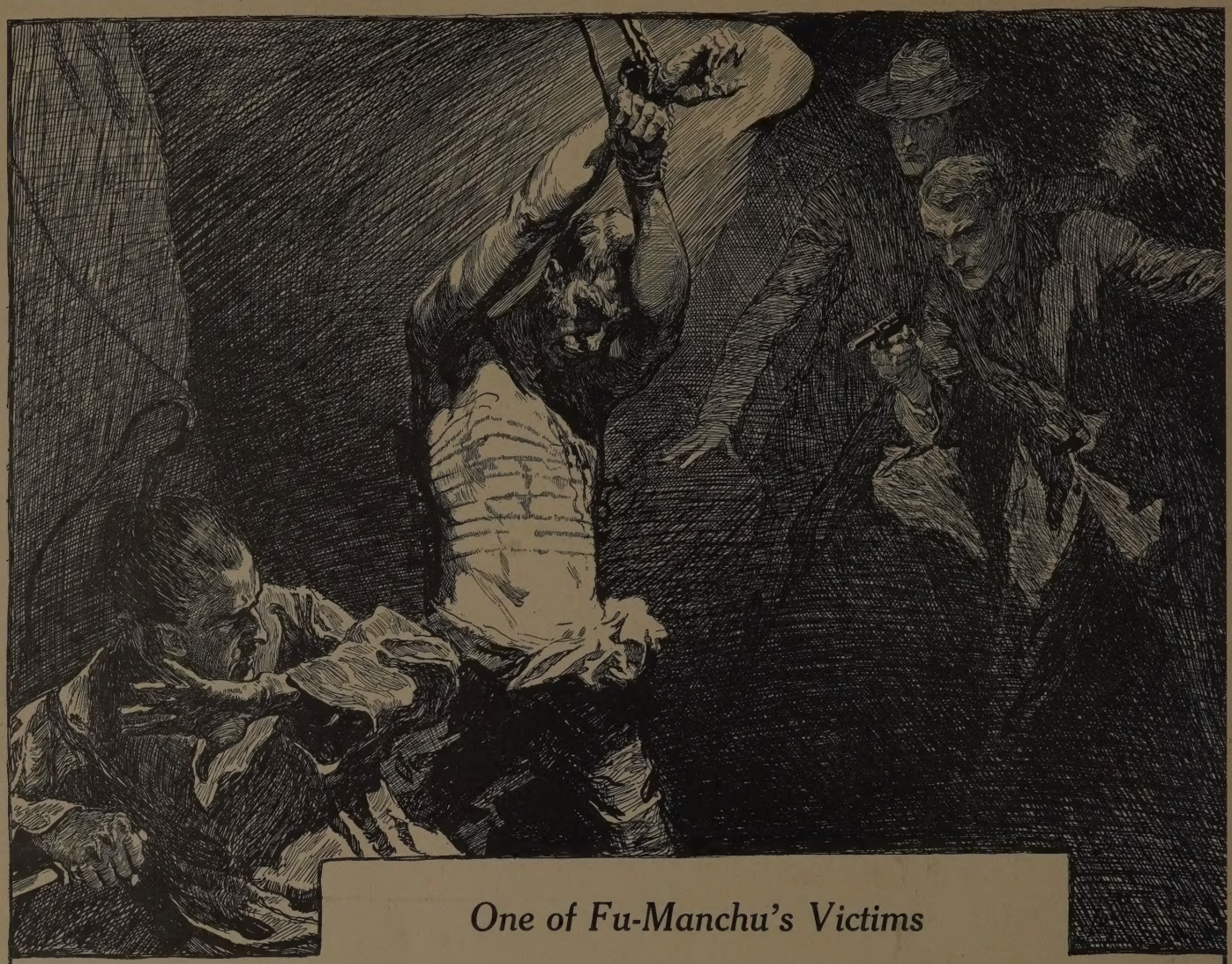

One of Fu-Manchu's Victims

"Imagine a person tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull and long magnetic eyes of the true cat green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the 'Yellow Peril' incarnate, in one man."

The Fu-Manchu stories, each one complete in itself, appear exclusively in

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